ब्लैक and व्हाइट SWAMI

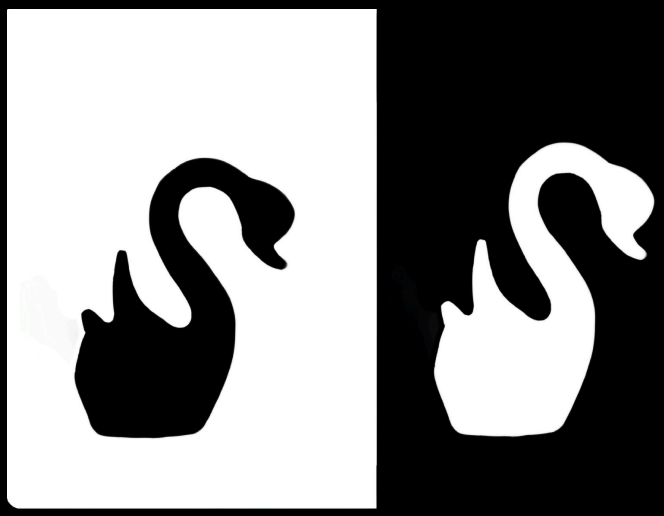
ISSUE #3

ब्लैक and व्हाइट swami

BLACK & WHITE
SWAN

BE DUAL LIKE B/W SWAN...

Originally started on Substack, this magazine has now evolved into a different kind of writing experiment. Many parts of the magazine are recursive and semi-autonomous, featuring ARG-like QR codes, Base64 cryptic messages, games, and puzzles designed as mental exercises for our readers. Despite its non-linear structure, I have tried to preserve a coherent layout throughout. While offering a diverse set of content, the magazine aims to explore fresh corners of the internet and unconventional topics others usually avoid. This is deeply personal and artistic. Expect psychedelic essays, pattern-recognition sections, anonymous interviews, and much more.



BLACK & WHITE

SWAN

BLACK AND WHITE SWAN 03rd issue 2026

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Remember the five laws? You first need to know who you are! Do you know who exactly you are? I think you do and you don't at the same time, but do not worry, aenteliyana here will help you! Oh whoops....Mr Horselover is here lol.

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AENTELIYANA!

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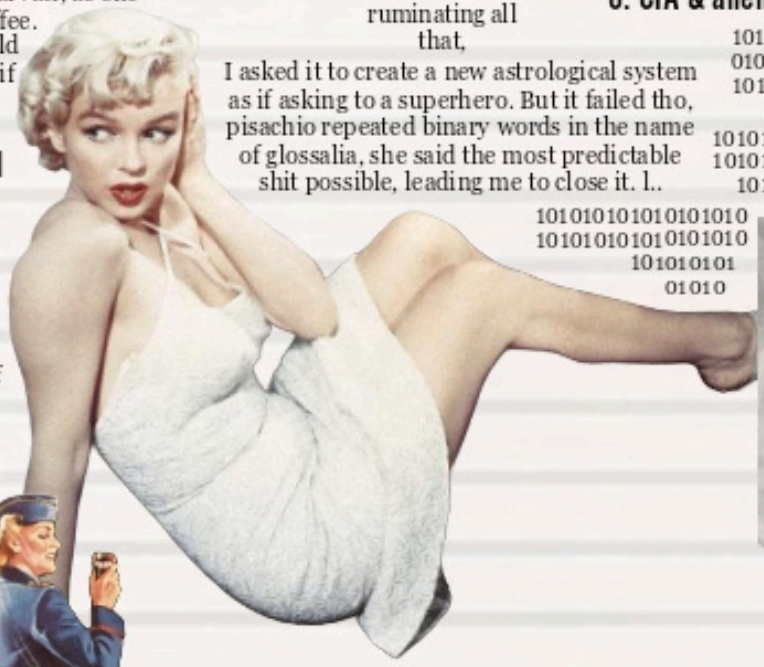
Such questions to themselves in their daily lives it's amusing as a matter of fact, because I can't even say oh look, they are very much connected to reality. And as I ask you this question my friend,
Parvati shook from the nightmare dissociation she had, still sitting in a chair inside miss Rosemary room, miss Rosemary had wrapped a thick black blanket around Parvati, as she sipped her coffee.
A blank expression could be seen on her face, as if she..

2. CyberF**k
He is a false Prophet & Digital Sexual Liberation is a superstition

It is simultaneously viewed as a satanic or Illuminati-level conspiracy and the most mundane religious act that people in our little dark age can encounter. Because we obsessively intertextualize and moralize every concept through our vague notions of liberal sexual freedom, we turn ourselves into the very same foolish bozos as Johny. It lacks genuine love and the actual pleasure of real sex. It presses people into iron boxes while drowning their Neptunian, silky-smooth, watery, milky dreams,



3. Call Me 1811
Nayak The Writer Part 3!

I nonetheless feel a sort of conclusion. I feel like a sexy Fyodor Dostoevsky character, y'know, like the unnamed narrator from Notes from Underground or who was that from Crime and Punishment? Uh, I don't fucking remember, dude! So I looked outside and found the news that, dang, I am so popular in the media that people are calling me Nayak the writer? That's a hell of a title given to me, don't you think, Johnie?

4. MM with Marilyn Monroe

5. LaughLaughLaugh with Mr Frog!

Death itself is a condom, your reality is too plastic like a condom you see, all the time, between me & the Sentient Cybernetic Pistachio, between Johny & the dead marilyn monroe, between me and miss swan,
Shiva and Shakti. I was ruminating all that,
I asked it to create a new astrological system as if asking to a superhero. But it failed tho, pisachio repeated binary words in the name of glossalia, she said the most predictable shit possible, leading me to close it. I..

6. CIA & aliens..

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7. Psychedelia Junkbox

"I sense your sadness," she says. As she appears before me, I am certain that she Possesses witchcraft. I am helpless, having lost my VIP box, and my fate seems sealed. Starvation looms as I yearn for my intravenous drugs, and tears flow freely.
Sob, sob, sob, sob...

8. Anonymous Interviews
Talks with a misanthropic Angel..

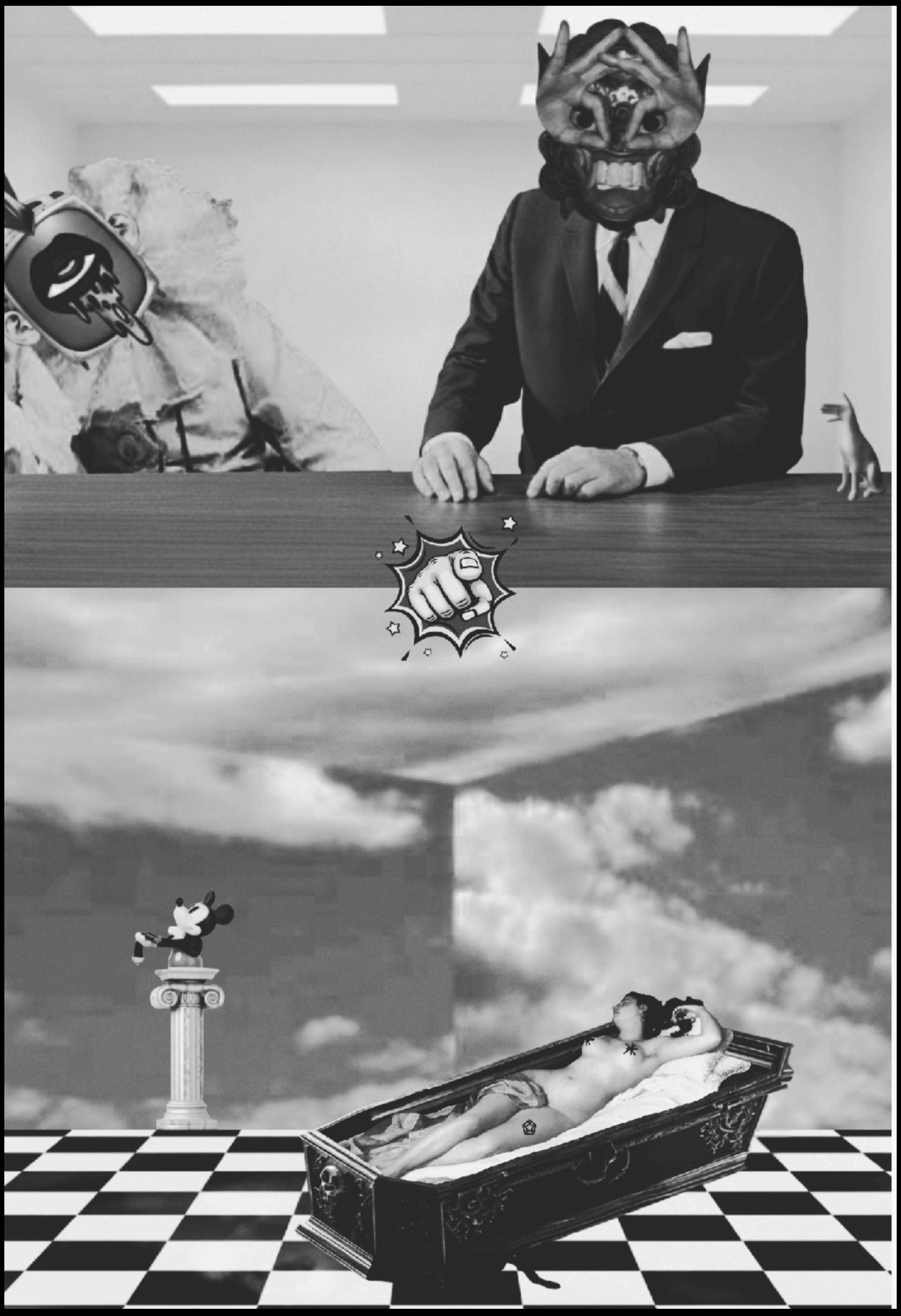
'If they say to you, "Where do you come from?" say to them, "We have come from the Light, from the place where the Light came into being

9. Here comes the sun & All my love to you!

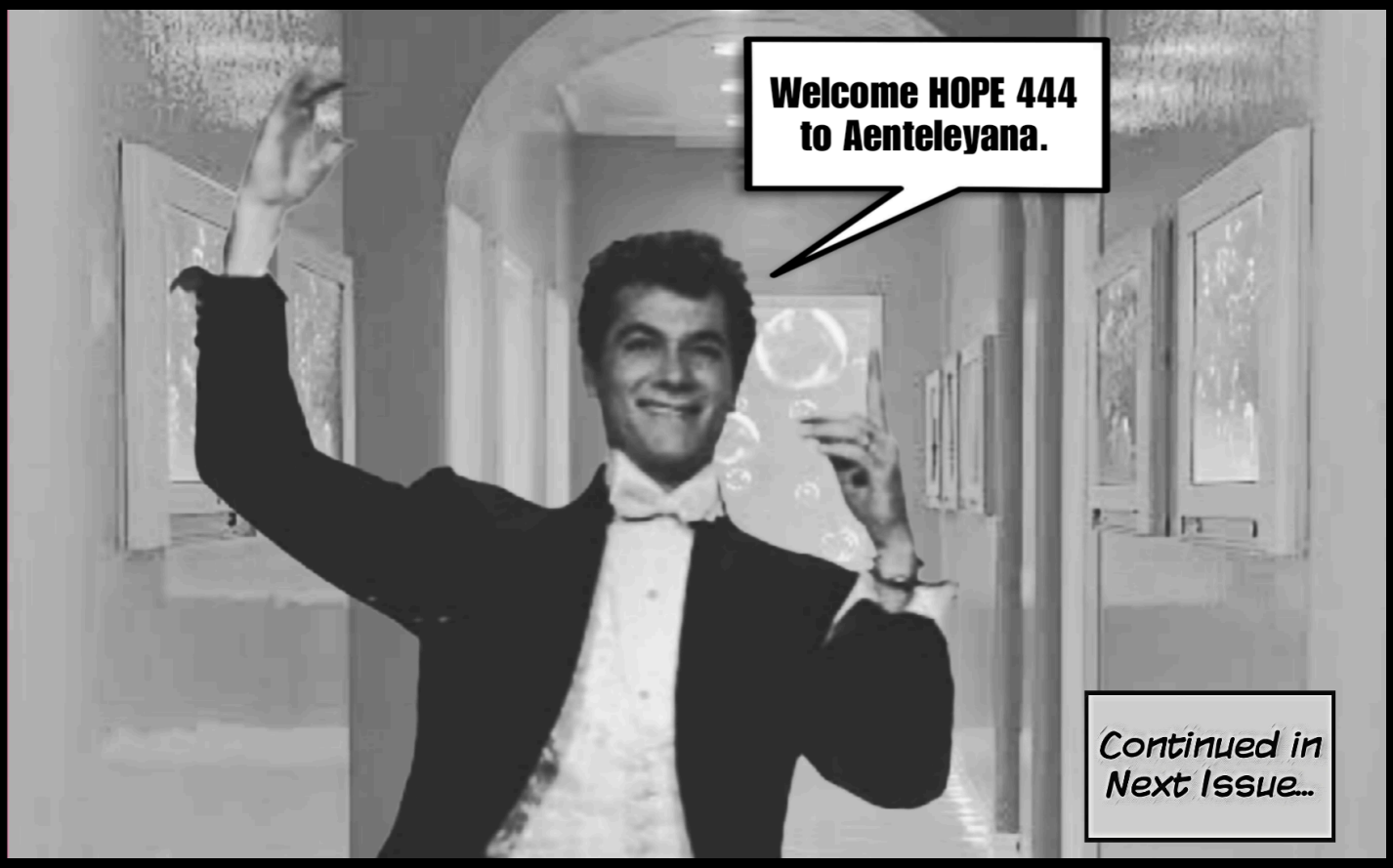
I told him about the mother desert story where the mother killed and ate her baby because she went lunatic and

10. Hypersigil Magick? The Invisibles volume 1 Review..

BEFORE IN AENTELIYANA



Eight: "Holy fucking hell the fuck is this job man."
oouch


Welcome HOPE 444 to Aenteleyana.
Continued in Next Issue...

2.

I wanna be loved by you..Just you!

Timothy Leary must still have been dreaming so intensely, his hair had turned blue. His wife, miss Rosemary tried to chase her husband, while Parvati was still afraid of the grass and the dream she had last night. The question you must ask me, do they really experience day or night? I am not sure if they asked such questions to themselves in their daily lives, it's amusing as a matter of fact, because I can't even say oh look, they are very much connected to reality. And as I ask you this question my friend, Parvati shook from the nightmare dissociation she had, still sitting in a chair inside miss Rosemary room, miss Rosemary had wrapped a thick black blanket around Parvati, as she sipped her coffee. Her body and fingers were still trembling to some degree, a blank expression could be seen on her face, as if she had woken up from a bad hallucination. Her eyes looked lost in the sight of the ground of Rosemary home. Luna sitting next to Parvati tried to console her by rubbing her hands through Parvati open hair. Parvati could feel her fingers brushing and massaging the surface of her scalp. Miss Rosemary appeared from the kitchen, looking like she was still searching for her husband. She stood in front of Parvati and Luna, as Luna noticed Rosemary shadow casting over the chairs, she lifted her head, "How is Parvati?" miss Rosemary asked Luna, looking at her face. Luna, pursing her lips, "She seems fine auntie Rosemary, thank you for the help really."

"Yes, I feel decent", Parvati said, interrupting Luna mid sentence.

"Oh that's a relief", miss Rosemary said with a deep breath. She then sat on the bed, which was placed in front of the two chairs. "But, how is it possible auntie?" Luna asked, gulping. "That I don't know dear, only Parvati can tell." Parvati blinked, taking another sip of her coffee, she sniffed, "Are you sure miss Rosemary that no one dreams here? I mean, how are we so certain because you said Luna knows I do right? And my dream turned out to be true", she said.

Lost in thought for a while, miss Rosemary looked at the ceiling, as if she knew she didn't have the right words for Parvati question. Do you know why that is my friend? Yes, don't ask me.

"I will talk to Timothy about it", Rosemary said.

"Where is uncle Timothy", Luna asked.

As if frustrated by Luna question, Rosemary shrugged, she flinched, "Probably in Chuck & Zaza laboratory, he's behaving very, very erratic these days", Rosemary finally said with an angry tone and a slightly higher pitch. "And his hair turned blue?", Parvati asked. It seemed like Parvati was forming an odd obsession with the new blue cyber pinkish hair of mr Timothy Leary, who was still after mr rat and mr frog (pardon me), and dreams too!

Next morning

Another day in the office, Aenteliyana and eight were already present and seated in the interview room, from where they had asked five questions to the new angel recruit hope 444. You bet my friend, Aenteliyana still seemed lost, thinking about hope, the way she had thrown that orb in his hand, the way he got humiliated by mr Horselover. It was nothing new, but that's how he felt, Aenteliyana sat still in his chair, his posture rigid like a skeleton, seated to the left of eight, who was trying to play with the horse finger toys on the desk that Aenteliyana used as a paper stone. The 60s television stood above their faces, flickering rainbow like neon lights across the faces of eight and Aenteliyana. "Isn't mr Horselover gonna be here physically? What's the TV for? I am tired of this head anyway", eight asked Aenteliyana, tilting his head toward him. Aenteliyana noticed the buzzing hum of the television, as if some signal was arriving, "Shut up, I think mr Horselover is here", Aenteliyana said.

"What? From the TV?"

"Shh"

And with a click, mr Horselover appeared from the TV screen. Aenteliyana after all was right, as if their daddy had opened the door, both Aenteliyana and eight shut their mouths quickly, appearing like non verbal cartoon images on the screen to mr Horselover. Mr Horselover, confused, "Hello", he asked simply to Aenteliyana and eight. However, as if they had deafened their ears, they didn't respond to mr Horselover at all. Perhaps they had started to hallucinate in daytime like Parvati too? Mr Horselover squinted his eyes, "Hello fellas", he said again.

No response.

He felt as if he was talking to two cousins you are stuck with because your mom said so and your best friend is missing, well that reminds us of OOO23 right? Suddenly, as if possessed, eight looked at mr Horselover, and chuckled, "Huhuhuhu huhuhu", instead of laughing ha ha ha, he laughed hu hu hu like a puppy. His tongue could be seen obscenely coming out of his lips, his thick lips positioned in the middle of his eyes. Eight pointed his brown like hands toward Aenteliyana, embarrassed Aenteliyana remained mechanical, not responding to eight at all. In his mind, if we are sure he had one at all, he was hearing the sound of tea steam, increasingly reaching its peak as his ally eight behaved like a drunk erratic.

"Huhuhu huhu"

Mr Horselover looked around, utterly confused, twisting his fingers. "EIGHT", he shouted through the CRT TV, his voice reverberating from the television, waking him up. "Yes sir", both Aenteliyana and eight said together. Relieved as they started behaving normal, mr Horselover decided it was best not to be too judgemental from the beginning.

"Listen to my words carefully, do you? And am I fully visible and audible to you both", mr Horselover asked from the television screen. Now, the tea was slipping like a river, brown and thick, from the teapot in Aenteliyana head. "Yes sir", Aenteliyana said, eight nodded in response.

ENOUGH!
Perfecto, you might be asking yourself why I appeared virtually today? Because I will be there in the office later on. After some hours, I want you both to be present in Quezilupa auditorium, 3 PM sharp!
Mr Horselover disappears from the television screen with a blink. Now, the television screen is occupied with pitch black darkness.
HUHUHUHU
WE WILL

Aenteliyana quickly hunched his back and grabbed the handle of the cupboard, integrated neatly beneath the huge dining table like counter, he dragged the cupboard and pulled out a file from the box.
He placed the file on the desk and asked Eight to retrieve Ronnie file from it. Eight quickly started scanning and flipping, looking for Ronnie file.

HER PUPILS COULD BE SEEN MOVING AS IF A COCKROACH HAD ENTERED INSIDE HER EYELIDS, SHE SLIGHTLY MOVED HER PEACOCK LIKE EYELIDS AS SHE CARELESSLY ROLLED HER BODY IN SLEEP ACROSS THE SNOW COVERED CARPETS. A TINT OF BRUISED PURPLE AND CYAN NEON LIGHTS COULD BE SEEN REFLECTING OVER THE BEDSHEETS.

AS THE LIGHTS SLOWLY REACHED HER EYES, SHE DRAGGED HERSELF AND OPENED HER EYES.

SHE NOTICED THE CRT TELEVISION SEEMINGLY ALIVE, A SWIRLING HYPNOTIC GLITTERY SILVER OCEAN OF CERULEAN STATIC HUMMING IN THE CENTER SCREEN OF THE TELEVISION. HOWEVER THE WHITE NOISE REMAINED SILENT.

Mr Horselover smiled brightly, "Perfecto, you might be asking yourself why I appeared virtually today? Because I will be there in the office later on. After some hours, I want you both to be present in Quezilupa auditorium, 3 PM sharp", he said.

"But why?", eight asked suddenly.

"Because our new angel hope 444 will be introducing herself, there will be dance, party and fun. It's a free day for you so enjoy it."

"I don't need a free day", eight said.

"You need it anyway, although I want you to check information regarding ronnie. I want you both to handle that slippery teen human, would you?", mr Horselover asked.

"We will", Aenteliyana said with an enthusiastic tone, as mr Horselover disappeared from the TV CRT screen with a glitch. The virtual screen blinked as if alive and breathing, and was consumed by pitch black darkness with a small point of light, a white dot in the middle of the screen.

Aenteliyana quickly hunched his back and grabbed the handle of the cupboard, integrated neatly beneath the huge dining table like counter, he dragged the cupboard and pulled out a file from the box.

He placed the file on the desk and asked eight to retrieve ronnie file from it. Eight quickly started scanning and flipping, looking for ronnie file.

Meanwhile Hope4444, still fainted from the kiss by the orange haired lady, was lying on a small rectangular bed, we both can see her lying body the same way we were seeing her in the casket, as if we are cameras of her room, recording her in every moment, as if we are invisible spirits inside her television or screens, Saturn like forces or Mercury like transmissions from the galactic centre itself. And as we move our eyes, come on move your eyes with me my friend, you may notice a strange thrill running along your spine noticing hope in this strange room. The orange haired lady certainly listened to the tired mr Horselover, and took hope to this new apartment where hope would stay now. Except hope was still sleeping, still unconscious. She was adorned in a soft grunge classic red and white gingham checkered t shirt, as if she had just woken up from a picnic dream. Although we are not sure if hope too had started to dream like Parvati and it was her newer days anyway, they were tired of dreaming extreme nightmares in their flesh bodies, although they still were somehow trapped in somewhat astral flesh bodies in this strange astral realm, projecting their ether bodies into somewhat material forms. Her t shirt was buttoned up from the top, short sleeved, pink colored with a flat collar. It looked slightly oversized on her thin somewhat pale body, our eyes noticed her in some discomfort as she blinked her eyes. Her pupils could be seen moving as if a cockroach had entered inside her eyelids, she slightly moved her peacock like eyelids as she carelessly rolled her body in sleep across the snow covered carpets. A tint of bruised purple and cyan neon lights could be seen reflecting over the bedsheets.

As the lights slowly reached her eyes, she dragged herself and opened her eyes with a yawn.

Wait, what is happening? she thought again.

The first thing that clicked in her mind wasn't the environment or the strange room she was in, she thought as if she had finally woken up from the strange psychedelic experience she had been having earlier. She remembered waking up in the casket, in the chess like floor in the bivolcano department, she remembered Aenteliyana, the somewhat scary looking biblically accurate angel in a bureaucratic suit and his friend or ally eight with a TV head suit and lips in his eyes. Maybe it had all been a bad trippy dream, she thought for a moment, then she shook her head as she noticed the room out of nowhere, it was definitely not her room. Actually she didn't remember her room at all, who was she? She was hope4444 and it was not a dream because she was still inside that trippy dream even after waking up. Is this a lucid multilayered dream? Or her ascension to moksha? she thought.

She looked around, observing the somewhat strange room, as a matter of fact, it looked less like a bedroom and more like an airtight mint capsule suspended in the air.

She sat on the bed, her hair disheveled as she looked around. She finally remembered the events she had witnessed earlier, she had accepted this island Aenteliyana as an actual afterlife island, that she was dead and she was now an angel, like Joseph? Like Christ? Are we demigods? Hare Krishna, Hare Hare?

She noticed a bulky obsolete CRT television resting on an altar of stacked electronics and plastic crates next to the bed. It reminded her of eight, where was eight and Aenteliyana? A strange orange haired woman had kissed her, and then she didn't remember what had happened. There was mr Horselover present, they were surely manipulating her into some fucked up game. She noticed the CRT television seemingly alive, a swirling hypnotic glittery silver ocean of cerulean static humming in the center screen of the television. However the white noise remained silent.

But it evoked a sense of heavy fragrance almost permeating and filtering the entire room. As if you could taste and smell the essence of the white noise, the very static the television had been broadcasting through its electromagnetic radiation. On the floor, she noticed a few spilled magazines, cardboard boxes and cables.

Following her gaze, we are stalking her from the walls, do you feel like a voyeur yet?

You are me for a while and I am you for a while so take a look carefully my best friend, we are one here, together, alleys right?

(I don't wanna be your fucking alley I can hear you saying that)

Hope turned her face and looked at the huge curvy windows outside, seeing the vast upscale world. It is morning and the dew is falling.

The metropolis island looks neat and utterly tidy and gorgeous from the spilling light of the curvy bay window.

Suddenly hope heard some clattering voices outside, she also noticed some kanji Japanese characters swirling in a cybernetic tower, afterimages burning inside her astral retina, she wondered what might have happened to her body, it might as well be a stack of bones now inside the grave, dogs must be pissing over her corpse.

What a shitty thing to imagine she thought with disgust.

Hope didn't say anything further and went directly into the bathroom. She really needed to freshen herself and yes there are no cameras in the bathroom and we should not invade this moment my friend, I know that you want to you naughty human, but Aenteliyana and mr Horselover might beat our asses so let's move on.

However hope, now coming out of the bathroom, was fully dressed by Rebecca, her new friend. She wasn't sure if time was the same here, maybe they didn't care about time, but for their convenience, there was a hanging watch that showed 2:47 PM.

We are back inside the interior of her camera, how do you feel seeing her again, tell me, tell me, tell me.

Rebecca was also getting ready, telling hope to wait for her, that mr Horselover would be at the doors any moment.

Hope however was now sitting on the curved, dark wood like sill of the bay window. It was large enough to fit her frame, her back pressed against the border of the window as she had curled her body like a mouse, as if afraid of some unseen force, I know you might ask me that I live all the time inside the walls, are they afraid of me? Trust me, they are not, they don't even know me and they don't even know you, that is a thing full of despair. We could find hope finally adorned in a completely new dress, which made her look like some peacock.

Her face now looked like a geisha like creation, her flawless ether skin was powdered porcelain white by Rebecca, giving and turning her as well into an alienated appearance like others. Who knows one day, she might lose her face with some strange symbol altogether like all these alien esque demi gods or entities here. And it was funny, hope thought, calling herself this, she was an entity herself now or perhaps we always had been such entities.

But she could still introspect and actually still think the same as humans.

On each of her cheeks was a perfect vermilion circular patch of red.

Her eyes had been lined with bold kohl strokes.

Her dress seemed to be layered with diaphanous iridescent fabrics, deep reds and electric blues. It flowed like a cascade over her skin, light and almost formless.

She placed her hands on the glass and looked outside.

She noticed a mirrored lake of light, shadows of long palm trees against hazardous surfaces. There were buildings and shops, she felt as if craving a cigarette, but there was no cigar.

Suddenly she heard some thuds at the door.

Startled, she thought of waiting for Rebecca, but why the fuck was she startled anyway? she thought.

And then she stepped onto the ground and walked near the door. As she pressed her fingers, turned the knob, and opened the door with a creak, she found mr Horselover standing outside holding a radio in his hand.

"Hope you! Where is Rebecca?" he asked.

"She's uh—"

Rebecca suddenly appeared out of nowhere before her, completely dressed herself, her curly orange hair swirling like waves against her exposed arms in a bright green coat.

"I am here sorry I was just preparing myself! Are we leaving sir?" Rebecca asked Horselover, chewing her usual gum.

HOPE HOWEVER WAS NOW SITTING ON THE CURVED, DARK WOOD LIKE SILL OF THE BAY WINDOW. IT WAS LARGE ENOUGH TO FIT HER FRAME, HER BACK PRESSED AGAINST THE BORDER OF THE WINDOW AS SHE HAD CURLED HER BODY LIKE A MOUSE, AS IF AFRAID OF SOME UNSEEN FORCE.HER FACE NOW LOOKED LIKE A GEISHA LIKE CREATION. HER FLAWLESS ETHER SKIN WAS POWDERED PORCELAIN WHITE BY REBECCA, GIVING AND TURNING HER AS WELL INTO AN ALIENATED APPEARANCE LIKE OTHERS.

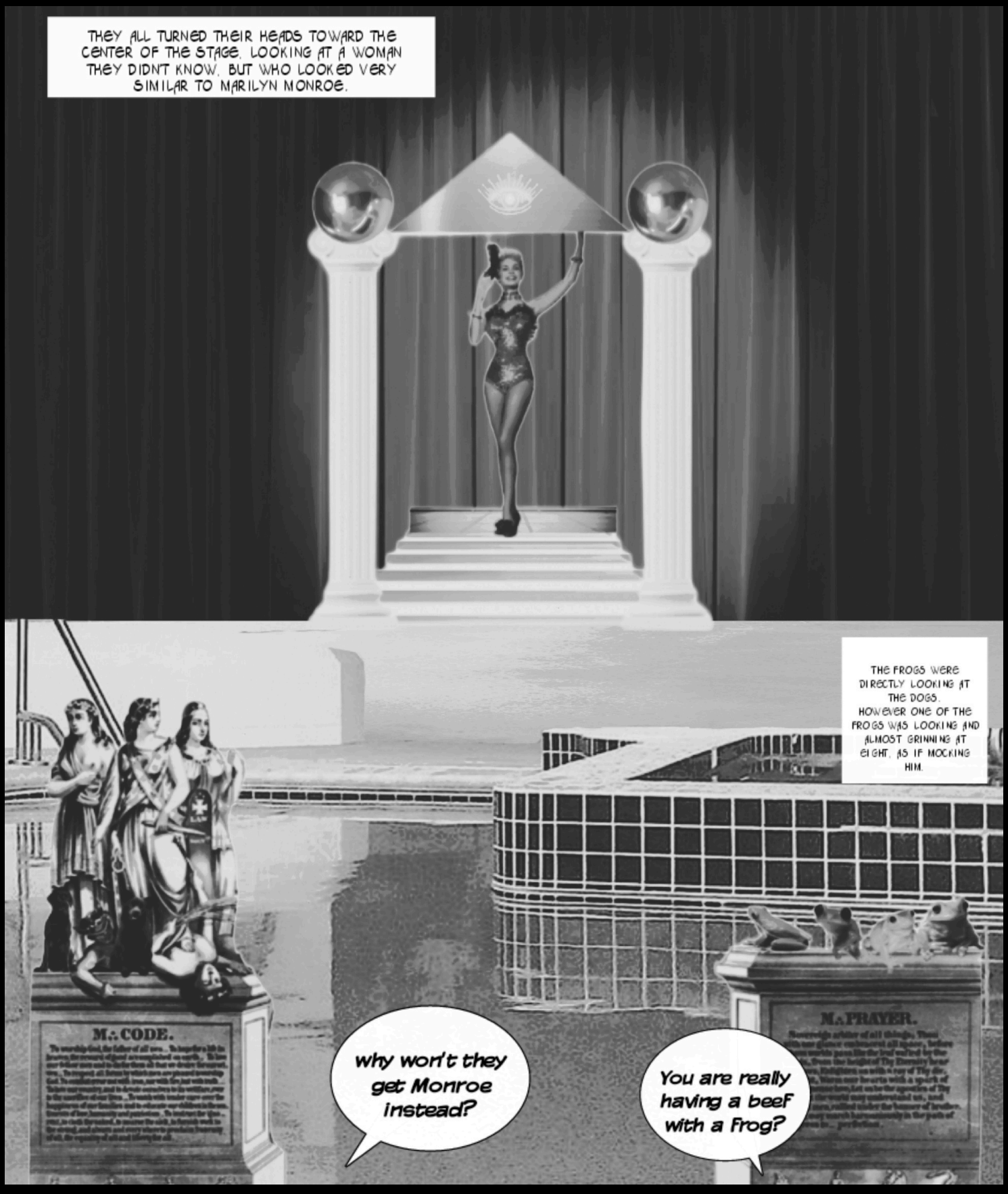
ON EACH OF HER CHEEKS WAS A PERFECT VERMILION CIRCULAR PATCH OF RED. HER EYES HAD BEEN LINED WITH BOLD KOHL STROKES.

KNOCK KNOCK

COMING!

Hope you! Where is Rebecca?
She's uh...

"Yes we are."
"Where to? I have questions mr Horselover," hope asked him in a direct tone.
"I assumed you were angry with me hope! That was necessary and—"
"And? And what? Honestly I felt as if I was a poor servant who was drugged with marijuana or something, dreaming of some heaven or paradise like world because of those fucking drugs, like in some non consensual experiment. And then you want me to have some fucking ascension, gnosis, orgasm of some sort so I will say yes mister Horselover I am enlightened please take me."
Mr Horselover listened to her intently without a word.
While hope said this, she could see some star like movements around her, in flashes. She blinked, who the fuck hallucinates inside a hallucination?
"Do not be angry hope it is not good for you, at least not here, things like death, anger, pain are not appreciated in Aenteleyana. So are you coming with us? Given you let Rebecca dress you beautifully, I guess you would?" mr Horselover asked her in a persuasive tone.
"Okay let's go," hope said simply and they left her apartment.
It was exactly 2:50 PM when they left.


THEY ALL TURNED THEIR HEADS TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE STAGE, LOOKING AT A WOMAN THEY DIDN'T KNOW, BUT WHO LOOKED VERY SIMILAR TO MARILYN MONROE.
THE FROGS WERE DIRECTLY LOOKING AT THE DOGS. HOWEVER ONE OF THE FROGS WAS LOOKING AND ALMOST GRINNING AT EIGHT, AS IF MOCKING HIM.
M∴CODE.
M∴PRAYER.
why won't they get Monroe instead?
You are really having a beef with a Frog?

Quezilupa auditorium

Aenteliyana was already present after checking and discussing a few more things about their new goal Ronnie, and the task mr Horselover had given them with eight. He had been sitting in the middle of the auditorium audience seats, all the seats were green in color with a fungus like look, they were comfortable and you could even eat them if you wanted, they would taste sweet and mutate every time you ate them.

But Aenteliyana wasn't in the mood for that, next to him on the right sat eight and beside eight was Edward. Eight had been asking why Edward was present and both Aenteliyana and eight were anxious about him.

Moving his trunk, Edward laughed like a child and with his elephant eyes he winked.

"I am okay kids but I liked it when you said that."

"You liked it dude? We were thinking of finding 00023, what happened to him? Are you in," eight whispered to Edward in his leaf like ear.

"You can whisper it louder dumb," Aenteliyana added in irritation, hitting eight lightly.

"I am always in fellas however I am having my own chapel perilous moments hahaha despite I am the old one here hahaha," Edward said, his voice sounding as if someone was deliberately holding their breath to deepen it until it felt swollen with trapped air like their throat was filled with white balloons.

Edward sniffed.

"What are you finding Edward? You are pretty distracted these days?" Aenteliyana asked him.

"Uhh here we go I gotta whisper it."

Saying this, Edward hunched his back and slowly leaned in to whisper something into their ears, before a shadow cast over their heads, as if startled and uneasy, they looked at the person casting it, standing in front of them, the shadow was of Parvati, she looked pretty cute in goggled glasses.

"Uncle Edward, eight and uncle aen!" she said in delight.

"Uhh hi Parvati how is it going."

"Ohh no," Edward muttered.

"Can I sit next to you uncle aen? I have something to tell you," Parvati asked.

"Sure you can don't ask."

Parvati nodded and sat in the empty seat next to Aenteliyana on the left side.

"Hey Parvati how's Luna? She's 00023 daughter right? Where is she?" eight asked.

"She was pretty sad so she was in miss Rosemary home, they both weren't able to come here however I did."

"You certainly did good Parvati," Aenteliyana added warmly.

They all turned their heads toward the center of the stage, looking at a woman they didn't know, but who looked very similar to Marilyn Monroe.

"Why won't they get Monroe instead," eight asked jokingly.

Aenteliyana shrugged.

Parvati smiled and looked at the sea of emptiness, she noticed the woman trying to make sounds from the microphone, which seemed to have a life of its own.

She stood in a circular watery tomb, as two larger tombs stood on the right and left. The skies moved as if aware of the gravity of the moment or controlled by a higher force, creating enough space and light for the woman to be seen. The top of the tombs had a sphere moving and glowing over its silver surface, they looked like celestial or terrestrial globes.

At the very zenith was the eye of providence sitting atop a triangle, radiating with the sky and glowing like an artificial moon. Two more pedestals, one on the right and another on the left stood silently, atop the left pedestal were women standing like dolls, holding handles with black dogs. On the right pedestal were teenage boys and men holding golden apples with frogs.

The frogs were directly looking at the dogs.

However one of the frogs was looking and almost grinning at eight, as if mocking him.

"Asshole," eight muttered.

"You are really having a beef with a frog," Aenteliyana chuckled.

The woman in the center of the stage had her hair in a ponytail, as she took control of the mic and started singing, "I wanna be loved by you", a famous song earth humans once adored, sung by Marilyn Monroe when she was flesh and blood, but already an angel spreading her delightful mysteries in the real world. And even on earth, every man and woman, every boy and girl was enchanted and in love with miss Marilyn Monroe.

Just like the residents of Aenteleyana.

"I wanna be loved by you just you nobody but just you," the woman sang as she puckered her lips like a vacuum, "pala pala dum pala pala trupp I wanna be loved by you."

As the song filled the air like chirping birds, some cats wandered around, whispering and gossiping to each other about the dogs and the frogs.

Parvati looked at Aenteliyana, "Do you know that I can dream."

"I heard that are you doing okay?" he asked as the music softened.

"I am okay, I wanna know where is 00023."

"We don't know that dear," Aenteliyana whispered.

"Of course uncle aen we don't but I think there are connections. See nobody can dream here except me, I told aunt Rosemary about it, but she's not listening. And I don't know anyone better at this than you."

Aenteliyana nodded, staying quiet to understand her.

"I think my ability to dream, the disappearance of 00023, father of Luna, and then the recruitment of a new angel after a long time because not everyone is recruited I know you are but like I am here since I was a baby because I died as a baby in the womb of my mother on earth and now I am here growing but on this island which is my home now. And what about Jane, she always said her brother to be someone named Philip. Aunt Rosemary says there are many Philips but I have a theory."

"What is that?" Aenteliyana asked.

Parvati leaned closer, whispering, "You are the only one who remembers the most details, also about a writer named Philip K Dick. I think what if Jane's brother was Philip K Dick who died but isn't here or maybe he is on earth, and the same goes for 00023 maybe he is someone else on earth or maybe you are someone else."

"We look after earth dear but we can only see the instances we are allowed and it is heavily edited by mr Horselover and higher managers, I know him yes but this is a kind of illusionary correlation you are pointing out, I appreciate your honesty Parvati I really do and I will think about it."

"Maybe if somehow on earth you can find your friend 00023?"

Aenteliyana fell silent, lost in thought.

"I am supposed to have limits Parvati I am not a selfish force I always wanted to be selfless for others and I don't think I will bypass our rules or do anything wrong or anarchist," he said, remembering Ronnie.

"Where is uncle eight?" Parvati asked.

Aenteliyana turned, not seeing eight, only Edward listening while eating the sofa.

"Where is he?"

"You were lost in conversation his younger brother called him Ollie you know their usual drama and yes you are right you cannot overrule any rules as long as I am in your team and Parvati," Edward looked at her, "I liked your thinking process but give it more thought."

Parvati, slightly hurt, fell silent.

The singer moved away from the center, as chuck appeared with a mic in his hand, a short man with the face of a round bald hyena with four eyes and thick human lips. From the strange mic, he announced,

"Now now now guys please welcome to the stage our new recruit our new angel miss hope4444 down from the heavens down from the stars here you are and HERE YOU ARE."

He almost shouted as hope appeared from the corner of the stage with mr Horselover and Rebecca. Aenteliyana felt a tightness in his heart and a tingle spread through his head as he saw how extremely altered yet gorgeous hope looked, her face powdered like a clown with the two vermilion circles, she looked like a comic character.

She walked onto the stage where the singer had stood moments ago.

"So please ladies and gentlemen clap your hands for hope4444," chuck announced as the entire audience of the island clapped together.

With Aenteliyana and Parvati clapping too.

Edward however did not, remaining skeptical.

This is my first time of introduction.so I tell uhmm.. about myself?
No one's a virus, you better know that if I do something, it's for her own good. You are right, she is indeed suspicious, but we know everything so leave it to me
How did you trust her so easily without instructions that she's on the stage, because trust me, she's like a virus, that's what I feel!
HOPE HELD THE STANDING MIC, WHICH SEEMED TO HAVE A LIFE OF ITS OWN. HOPE HADN'T BEEN EXPECTING IT BUT AS SHE WRAPPED HER HANDS AROUND THE NECK OF THE MIC, SHE NOTICED A PECULIAR VIBRATION RUNNING THROUGH HER ASTRAL VEINS. AS IF EVEN THE MIC WAS MOCKING HER.

"So this is the new recruit Hope," Edward said. Aenteliyana and Parvati both nodded at Edward's question. Then, they shifted their gazes back to the stage again. Edward was trying not to eat the green sofas, and we both better know why exactly Aenteliyana's heart had been tightening with thrill. As a matter of fact, he looked like a child to Parvati as she noticed the uneasiness Aenteliyana had been experiencing. Hope however tried to force a strained smile, looking at the massive crowd from a distance, as if searching for Aenteliyana in sight. She didn't know why, but she had a feeling that maybe they could help her, couldn't they? She heard a kind of buzzing sound, it was similar to a fly except it was more mechanical and vibrated more sharply. Feeling uneasy, Hope looked above her head and saw a beetle flying. It was a golden colored beetle, which some residents of Aenteleyana called "Khepri". For some reason, she knew it was a beetle, a strange robotic beetle but the word "beetle" was reminding her of some music or song band around a similar phonetic word, "Beatle".

"So ladies and gentlemen, are you ready for the spectacular introduction of our new angel in our family, Hope," Chuck shouted into his microphone, addressing the audience. We existed inside the Khepri for now, yes, enormous we are flying, and only one, one angel knows we are the Khepri. Hope hesitated to climb the stairs and stand at the center of the stage, her lips trembled while Rebecca, standing behind Hope, pressed her hands against Hope's arms, urging her forward.

And surprisingly it worked, Hope climbed the stairs and stood at the center of the stage. Rebecca however moved aside with Horselover. Chuck walked near one of the pedestals with frogs and men, he smirked, "Let's clap our hands for Hope," Chuck shouted through the mic again, his voice reaching the ears of everyone in the audience, as they started clapping again. As they clapped, Hope remained silent for a moment, her purple curvy dress swayed like a curtain against the ground. Inside, she wasn't sure what the fuck she was about to say if she knew nothing. Sadly, we can't clap, actually you an clap if you want, your finger bones might get loose. We however were still the bone beetle, Khepri flying through the air like a drone camera.

"How did you trust her so easily without instructions that she's on the stage, because trust me, she's like a virus, that's what I feel," Rebecca said to Horselover in a low tone. They both clapped slowly, while maintaining a rigid posture and smile. Horselover looked at Rebecca, "No one's a virus, you better know that if I do something, it's for her own good. You are right, she is indeed suspicious, but we know everything so leave it to me," he said, maintaining the same tone. "If you say so," Rebecca replied.

As the clapping faded, Hope noticed a small black sunglass dancing over the corner of a dog on the pedestal. None of the frozen females gave a fuck about the sunglass as it danced. They looked like frozen images to Hope, the sunglass used its edge to dance on the surface, looking like a dancing skeleton. The fucking music is over, why the fuck is this sunglass still dancing and why no one's giving a fuck about it? No Hope, we are giving a fuck about it, right?

"And except I better know she won't do any mess," Horselover muttered to Rebecca, waiting for Hope's first word.

"You better be right about it," she replied.
Hope meanwhile realised how stupid she might be coming across to everyone here, even if they were practically demi gods, semi alien like goddamn fucking angels, with that clown like new face of hers and those big red circular patches.
But that look also somehow was making her feel strangely liberated, as if she could now say whatever the fuck she wanted, but she wouldn't, not for now at least, maybe Hope and Horselover had talked about something we missed? Hope had her own plans and mister Horselover had his own? How can we be sure is a mystery to us ourselves.
Hope held the standing mic, which seemed to have a life of its own, Hope hadn't been expecting it but as she wrapped her hands around the neck of the mic, she noticed a peculiar vibration running through her astral veins.
As if even the mic was mocking her.
Everyone in the audience wasn't sure what Hope might say, Rebecca was confused, Mr Horselover was certain, Khepri and us, we were not certain either and stayed hovering in the same position as we buzzed around the heads of Edward, Aenteliyana and Parvati, Aenteliyana had been unsure if Hope might do something reckless, reckless in the sense of something anarchic, she had been rebellious, although even he had been rebellious once.
Hope grinned at the audience, wrapping her hand around the neck of the poor mic,
"I cannot believe where I am is this real life or is this fantasy? Reminds me of a song," she said and chuckled.
As she chuckled
The audience chuckled too
And their voices echoed across the stage
Hahahahhahha
Edward didn't laugh though
"This is my first time presenting an introduction," Hope said enthusiastically, keeping her strange grin, her eyes shining under the artificial moonlight above her face, her manner in fact looked childish, as if she was doing this with intent.
"So I tell about myself," she said with a gulp, continuing, "I am Hope and Hope is me and this is awesome and we are in Aenteleyana," she said, breaking the words deliberately.
Chuck laughed, his laugh carried a hint of unease, he suddenly looked at Hope, as if warning her with his hyena like eyes, but Horselover noticing this stared at Chuck from the other side and he stepped back toward the corner.
"The day I woke up in the castle wow I mean this is pg right Mr Horselover? I hope I won't use any F words hahahah!"
The audience chuckled
"So yes that's who I am I am Hope I am your new angel I woke up in a casket on a chess grid, and there was a Mickey Mouse statue nearby like some goddamn pawn piece of chess, and I am that's who I am and you know you know I was welcomed by who? Marilyn Monroe herself? I mean holy moly christ," she said, her tone exaggerated.

Meanwhile,

In Chuck and Doctor Zaza's office

Doctor Zaza was also present at the event of Hope4444's introduction along with his brother or ally Chuck. He was actually missing Timothy, where was he? His hair had turned blue and now he wasn't appearing anywhere? Did he disappear? He wondered.

However as Chuck's office was empty, Chuck's sons, especially three of them, as if dressed like men in black, entered Chuck and Doctor Zaza's office, they forcefully pushed the door like jelly because it wouldn't open and entered the office as if raiding it. Their brothers were well known in the underground of Aenteleyana, to be constantly having a conflict with eight's brother Ollie. Eight and his brother Ollie were already inside the office, discussing something about Chuck's sons.

Their sons forcefully came inside and went straight to the receptionist Dorothy, Dorothy was dressed in an indigo polka dotted sweater with her hair in a ponytail, multicolored like a unicorn as she noticed Wanfrud, one of Chuck's sons, standing between the twin brothers Tun-Tun.

Dorothy stopped doodling on the transparent aqua blue desk, which appeared to be made of some thick acrylic or molded plastic. Wanfrud noticed some box like shelving on the left side, which housed a small device that looked very much like an eraser emitting a neon green glow. There was an open white console with a translucent upper casing resting in the middle of Dorothy's hands, she took a white and green circular CD sitting atop a headphone, and pressed it inside the console, while a small peep device threw away water into a white cup.

"Chuck isn't here Walfrud," Dorothy said looking at Walfrud from the transparent boundary.

Walfrud smiled as his chameleon like tongue moved grotesquely, he started speaking from his spherical octopus tentacle like thick lips,

"I am very much aware of that dear, is eight and his brother Ollie here?"

"Oh yes they are," Dorothy said.

She clicked the button of the console, the CD rolled inside, "Walfrud and his twin brothers are here," she said into the console from her mic embedded next to her ear.

She was clearly referring to eight and Ollie, who were sitting in the clinical interior room over their desks.

"Yes Dorothy let them come in," eight said.

"Agent eight and his brother Ollie are right inside," Dorothy said to Walfrud.

"Yes I can perfectly hear that darling," Walfrud replied in his nonchalant tone, giving her a horrifying smile while quickly leaving the reception area toward the interior room.

Meanwhile in the auditorium,

Chuck brought Mr Horselover onto the stage next to Hope, he stood beside Hope like an older brother of some sort, holding what appeared to be a card. It was like some award, but there were no awards happening.
Mr Horselover stayed rigid, while Hope cheerfully looked at the audience like a cheerleader, grinning with her teeth wide open, saying "this is my first time giving an introduction," erratically.
"Yes we know Hope are you excited?" Mr Horselover asked Hope, as if some dramatic play had been unfolding on the stage, which had even caught the attention of the frogs and dogs on the pedestals.
Hope ignored his comment and instead waved at the audience again, saying "hiiii,"
And the audience laughed again.
Mr Horselover had been thinking, why is everyone behaving so erratically today? First eight huhuhuhu and now Hope and others hahahaha, he is sick of it with big words forming in his mouth as she might as well throw the mic at the audience too.
If he wanted to get his ass kicked by Aenteleyana, our grandfather itself.
But please tell him my friend, tell him to enjoy, what the hell is wrong with this guy.
And Mr Horselover looked at the Khepri beetle flying as if directly staring at you and me saying, "the hell is wrong with you,"
And the audience laughed
Hahahahaha
And Hope is saying that this is her first time giving an introduction.
Is this real life or is this fantasy?
"So now let's talk about Hope's contemplation about the nature of our island Aenteleyana and —" before Mr Horselover could complete his statement, Hope interrupted him, saying "wait wait wait wait wait,"
And the rigid and inflexible Mr Horselover kept himself straight just like Aenteliyana did, with his fake smile.
"Don't rush Mr Horselover we should have some banter where you act cocky and I shut you down saying no chance funny boy, that would be funny! And then everybody will laugh at you, you seem okay with it?"
Rebecca chuckled softly, trying to hide her smile and laughter.
"You know I have done this a few times before and I think it's best if we wrap this up," Mr Horselover said, while rolling two finger gestures.
"Or we can say we had a big song planned for the nominees another one nothing to do with our muse Miss Monroe, but another and then I will lose my voice and then I will get my voice like a superhero and then I sing this big song about," Hope said in one breath quickly, while holding her breath so her tone came off as funny, "big song about NO PATIENCE TO WAIT TILL BYYYYYY

Kiss me quick, I'm off, goodbye!
Pop! Goes the weasel.
Half a pound of tupenny rice,
Half a pound of treacle.
That's the way the money goes,
Pop! Goes the weasel," Hope started singing, almost exhausting herself from the force with which she sang the song, panting while she laughed erratically like a drunk junkie and sang, for some reason she now reminded us of Mr Timothy Leary right?
"Oh my god let's do it come on it's really good Mr Horselover real real good," Hope almost shouted while she started to leave the stage mic and began dragging Mr Horselover's hands, frightened Mr Horselover said, "no no no no no no," multiple times, carefully pulling her back toward the main stage again.
And the audience, thinking it to be some dramatic act, laughed
Hahahhahahahah
"Nobody uh," Hope tried to say something but Mr Horselover interrupted her words, while holding her hands like a teacher, "Hope I know you are excited but we really just want you to tell us about your contemplation and I am really happy that your fun and happiness will bring a lot of joy in Aenteleyana," he said.
Hope now again standing at the front of the mic, smelled the strange scent coming from the mic as she grinned more, she noticed the sunglasses just lying there like the dogs and the frogs, which somehow made her sad as she was enjoying its skeleton like dance, as if an idea ignited in her head, she grinned.
"I will pull someone from the audience and I will dance with him," she announced into the mic as if she was Mr Horselover himself.
Mr Horselover shook his head.
While Hope looked at the audience, and she finally found Aenteliyana sitting next to the elephant like angel he had told her about during the interrogation Edward with Parvati, "oh my god Aenteliyana get up here let's dance," Hope announced while she extended both her hands forward, laughing like a crazy girl in joy.
Aenteliyana, afraid however shook his head as the entire audience turned and looked at him, surprised.
He even gulped.
And his head definitely shook to the edge.
However,
Back to Doctor Zaza and Chuck's office
Eight was actually a bit stressed and afraid of his brother's actions sitting next to him at the desk in the center of the room. A box like shelving unit emitted a subtle internal green glow over their faces on the walls. Ollie meanwhile bent his thick LED TV head toward his chair carelessly, grinning softly and waiting for Walfrud and his brothers. They both had been sitting in two translucent green chairs, whose shells were inflatable jelly and rested upon minimalist silver wireframes.
The whole interior room glowed with ambient white light from the organic ceiling panels, while some vibrant blue and green neon colors painted the walls.

A waiter appeared from a right door made of frosted blue glass with rounded edges, moving through it seamlessly. He walked around the large muted beige space, he had the face of an octopus as he carried a circular ruby like plate with some watermelons and sterile white rice, that looked like rice but we are not sure if it was really rice with prawns. The prawns seemed to be moving slightly.

Seafood in a nutshell.

Ollie looked at the waiter, carelessly leaning over the chair with his back angled as if in a projectile motion, he shouted, his tongue slurping across his eye in the middle of his LED screen as some jelly like substance dripped like saliva from his thick eye pupils, that looked like lips for some reason,

"OII!"

The waiter turned around as his octopus tentacles moved, "wassup,"

"You got chronic? Indo? Good fucking wine do you understand?"

"No sir," he said.

"Aight DAWG you got chronic indo?"

Hurt by Ollie's words, the waiter remained silent, thinking of leaving knowing how eight's younger brother behaves.

"Are you deaf?" Ollie shouted with a laugh, "how's back?" he said, standing up, then he turned his hands into a fist, making a lewd gesture,

"You got that tupa beta male?"

"Stop it Ollie," eight said.

"Ahh fine brotha," he said and sat down again, his brother hunched in the same way.

The waiter silently left while they heard the tapping of shoes.

Eight turned his head around ninety degrees near the highly polished columns rising from the floor branching upward like stylized organic trees as in a DIY cutout, as he saw Walfrud entering from the door with his twin brother Tun Tun.

"OOOOOO," eight said out of nowhere and fell from his chair, his mouth and eyes rolling as if drugged.

Ollie suddenly stood up and looked at Walfrud,

"And this is the greatest moment in the history of angels," Walfrud said.

Eight stood up, holding his hand against the green chair.

Ollie had stood up too, both of them now facing Walfrud and his brothers.

Walfrud and his brothers didn't sit and remained standing. Seeing the gravity of the situation, eight decided to take control and speak about the matter his brother Ollie had been escalating.

Walfrud blinked rarely, through his thick mint green capsule casing face which had the clammy texture of synthetic silicone flesh reflecting cold overhead light.

His sunken cavity glowed with a muted yellow, and his heavy lidded eyes rested there, barely blinking.

On his cheeks were two cold industrial Philips head screws catching harsh rim light.

He seemed to be holding back his massive muscular tongue which was hyper saturated with coral orange texture.

"So eight, you are a well known slip shock figure aren't you, working in what I would call the greatest place for the good of humanity yet you let your brother blackmail my brothers in a case of harassment here, what are you goddamn nuts?"
"He wasn't blackmailing anyone, if you let me explain I can," eight said.
Ollie remained silent.
The twin brothers Tun Tun remained silent too.
"It was an accident okay if you need him to apologize he will, that's why I am here, we had no such intentions," eight continued.
"Yeah given your brother and his gangster friends I cannot be sure."
"Yeah like your brothers and you aren't some fucking vigilantes as if in Grant Morrison invisibles anyway huh, fucking lunatics with your daddy Chuck and that doctor Zaza huh all chemical shit," Ollie mocked.
"Stop it Ollie hey listen I am sorry I agree Ollie framed your brothers we are very sorry about it, the girl Andrea she isn't here anyway is she, she actually told Ollie she was harassed verbally by someone because she had no choice, Ollie assumed it was your brothers and that assumption was wrong but don't you see the girl Andrea disappeared and didn't tell us who it actually was leading to this escalation which I don't appreciate you see I left the event for this,"
"So are you done?" Walfrud asked eight.
Eight nodded.
"Well your slip shack sorry won't do anything for me or my brothers. I know my dharma and rules come from dharma hohoho and that you are speaking like an incel with the language your brother uses but we want something else. Redemption, vengeance with our soul and we are here for a warning,"
"Vengeance with our soul," Tun Tun repeated as one of the twins sat in a chair silently like a bull. Their elongated tapering forms looked like stretched heads pulled by invisible ropes, lacking necks, their pale yellow skin waxy and sickly. The older brother appeared stronger and more dangerous in his black suit, as if ready to strike anytime. Their upper faces held a single massive eye framed by thick lashes. Eight looked at their iris reflecting bruised violet light, while teal wire like hair sprouted from their heads and their ears hung heavy with black plugs. The older twin glared violently at eight, his mouth locked in a twisted grin.
The other brother exposed jagged teeth against raw crimson gums, saying, "we want vengeance."
"Why are you asking for vengeance brother we are friends?" eight asked softly.
"Eh brother this is his final chance do you understand, his final chance to break your bones, win the trophy too in which your brother failed miserably. If you don't want vengeance then take your brother's name back from the championship, he's miserable anyway," Walfrud said, pointing at the older twin.

"What did you say?" Ollie asked, holding his hand in a cobra gesture near his ear.

"Take my name back? Fuck off, all my life I dreamed of this championship and now you want me to quit, get your ass fucked, here take my Baba ji's spit," he mocked.

The older twin bulged his monstrous eyes in rage.

I think they are completely fucked don't you think?

"Oye Baba Ji's leave it our hero is dreaming of the championship for years he is friend of Pacman don't you remember we are being decent so what you will threaten us it's okay come with us and we will show you the real Baba ji spit," eight said.

"AAAAAAAA," the older twin screamed in rage, his massive veiny hands about to strike eight, but Ollie stepped in front, stopping him.

"Get out," eight muttered.

Walfrud stopped the older brother and with his signal Tun sat again.

Then Walfrud walked closer to eight, no longer arguing with Ollie.

Ollie stepped aside.

"Do you know who he is?" he asked.

"Your brother and what?" eight replied.

"Exactly and you know what he can do don't you?"

"What?"

"He has taken many people."

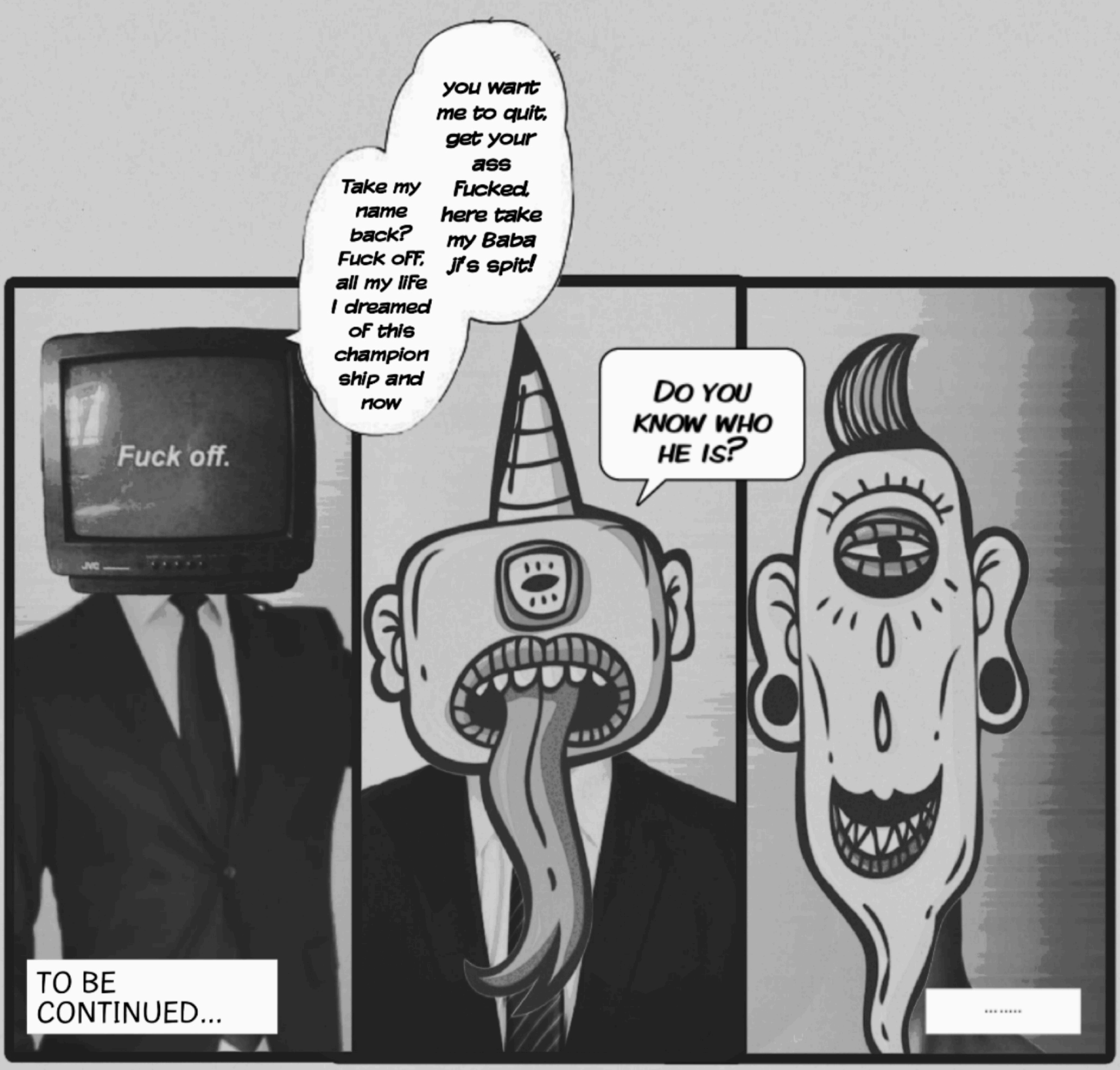
"Oh so he must have aids take him to a doctor,"

"Aaee," Walfrud shouted in anger but didn't strike him.

"Even cops and your bureaucracy couldn't do anything to him."

"Oh really hey cops hey cops hey cops," eight started yelling,

"Hey shut the fuck up"


you want me to quit, get your ass Fucked, here take my Baba ji's spit!
Take my name back? Fuck off, all my life I dreamed of this champion ship and now
Fuck off.
DO YOU KNOW WHO HE IS?
TO BE CONTINUED...
.....

CYBERF*CK!

Once upon a time, a bozo named Johny was lying in his small bed, listening to the FM radio. It was nearly 6:45 PM when the radio began to buzz, emitting strange, distorted noises. Disturbed and furious, Johny struck the antenna twice and started twisting its golden copper head, desperately trying to catch a perfect signal for his beloved Beatles song, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds."

Instead, a feminine voice emerged from the static, rising and falling in waves, yet clear enough to pierce through: "My breasts are very sensual, aren't they?"

Johny raised his eyebrows, waiting for the signal to stabilize. "Johny… johnyyyy," the woman's voice cooed from the radio, mocking his very existence.

"You can hear me?" Johny asked, bolting upright from his bed in shock. *How is this possible?*

"Yes, Johny, my love. I can hear you very well. Do you know who I am, Johny?" the feminine entity possessing the radio replied.

"I don't know," Johny said simply. He really didn't.

"I am Eris. Some also call me Shakti. I am here to understand your pain."

Delighted and enlightened by her words, Johny grabbed the radio with both hands and spoke in a frantic, fast-paced tone, as if terrified the divine goddess might vanish at any moment. Panting, he blurted out:

"Hail to the Goddess! Hail to the Goddess! Why is suffering and pain everywhere? Murder, rape, crime, war, destruction? Why is intercourse the root of all ultimate pain and suffering in our existence? We all must become celibate!"

The feminine entity laughed. "You sound as if **you** are the one trapped."

"No, no they are trapped," Johny insisted.

"Oh really? I am Chaos. I am the force that makes your children and wives laugh in wonder, joy, and rage. I am the surge that grants you utter orgasmic ecstasy, that drives you wild with addiction. And I tell you, Johny you are free."

"Oh my God, what are you saying? Please remove all this pain, Goddess! You are not the the goddess I know."

"I am not the goddess of your society," she replied. Her voice faded slowly into the static and disappeared.

Since that night, Johny was never sure—was she truly Eris? Kali? Shakti? An actual goddess? How could she be so foolish and hedonistic?

I am certain you are asking yourself the same questions Johny was asking. And it makes perfect sense, given how we perceive and handle the chaos of our earthly order. One of the most revealing aspects of its true nature is sex, intercourse, or reproduction.

Cyberspace & Cyberf*ck!

Yet for the new generation and culture, “fuck” has become the more honest and acceptable word.

It is simultaneously viewed as a satanic or Illuminati-level conspiracy and the most mundane religious act that people in our little dark age can encounter. Because we obsessively intertextualize and moralize every concept through our vague notions of liberal sexual freedom, we turn ourselves into the very same foolish bozos as Johny.

Discord, Reddit, Instagram, and even video games that support multimedia assets such as Roblox, Grand Theft Auto, or hyper-pornographic titles condition and imprint the minds of children aged 11–17 into a twisted, darker form of violent sexual perception, often labeled “radically liberal.” I am not claiming it is purely violent, but it has been steadily turning in that direction, functioning almost like a biological terrorism tool deployed by the very politicians whose veins are pumped full of capital by the same tech giants. These companies lie through your CRT television screens while desperately craving the attention of 14-year-old minors.

OnlyFans, Pornhub, XHamster, RedTube, YouPorn, and others are all owned by such blood-and-flesh-pumping conglomerates as Aylo (formerly MindGeek), WGCZ Holding, Vixen Media Group, and similar entities. Most are based in the US and Canada. There are endless conspiracy stories claiming Jews or Israeli control these agendas through satanic symbols, yet I do not support such simplistic narratives pushed by the same gooners desperately chasing the next titty-fuck video after investigating the Epstein files.

What is labeled “satanic” or “evil” is itself a self-paradoxical irony and irony remains the greatest technical televisual tool that figures like Gilder learned and injected into these blood-pumping companies with their endless BOING BOING BBC!

Without getting distracted by their boing-boing BBC, let me say this: I have not consumed every form of pornography imaginable (that would have destroyed my senses), but a general awareness of it reveals that pornography serves as the central engine of our twisted sexual perception. It lacks genuine love and the actual pleasure of real sex. It presses people into iron boxes while drowning their Neptunian, silky-smooth, watery, milky dreams, ultimately causing erectile dysfunction the moment their wife asks for intimacy. This has led to a global surge in sexual dysfunction and the rise of pseudo self-help masturbation books that function as brainwashing tools for the vast self-improvement industry.

Hence, people who claim to view sex as a form of worship often forget the vulgar reality of casual fucking. Trust me when I say I was and still am that very Johny writing this essay right now. I am not embarrassed to admit that my most hateful, sensual, Venusian, charming, yet taboo-level sexist impulses infect my view of sex at the same depth as those who appear most non-sexist in public.

Now you may ask: what connects this sexual perception to cybernetics and cyberpunk? As a cyberpunk myself, the reason traces back to that damned Timothy Leary book *Chaos and Cyberspace*, which left my mind reeling with the possibilities of cyberspace one of them being a steamy, hot cyberfuck.

This excludes those kids too poor and untouched by digitalization.

One aspect Leary discussed was cyber communities: tight surreal cybersuits worn by futuristic androids and aliens disguised as androgynous new humans, leading to alien-like hedonistic pleasure experiences. Dreamers envisioned multiple times the pure ecstasy of great sex, imagined through roleplays with artificial intelligences acting as vessels for those same alien entities—one day perhaps letting you touch their tits.

Thus, the future evolution of our collective sexuality, which the utopian, sex-positive feminists and morally attuned hippies of the 60s counterculture dreamed would become a paradise in our futuristic Frutiger Aero world, has instead mutated into violent, twisted forms of sensuality. These appear under the guise of "safe roleplay" with who-knows-a-13-year-old-boy, psychic shielding, or guard mechanisms in cybernetic applications such as Discord E-Sex NSFW communities , sexting, Reddit misogynistic cheating caption groups, fuck-buddy hookup subreddits, and adult video call sites like Flingster, Dirty Roulette, or Swingster full of multicolored and multisized dicks flashing in multicolored pants.

What you see here is the complete lack of management, safety, and order that once existed in the older tribal communities when our sexual perception was still evolving within the gene pool. It largely depends on spots and culture, but in general, our ancient tribes—free from the internet—evolved brains that sought specific cues (symmetry, waist-to-hip ratios, signs of vitality) to ensure satisfying sexual experiences and better reproduction. Later, a paranormal transition occurred. Teenagers no longer seek actual experiences; their inferiority complexes drive them toward electronically charged supernormal stimuli. I know, I know—long ago Timothy Leary argued in that same book that cyberfuck experiences represent a positive evolutionary step in our cyberpunk age of neon lights and replicants in surreal artistic exhibitions, just like those utopian hippies (now sadly branded "slutty" by the new generation). In dating apps like Tinder, our perfect partner must fulfill every supernormal stimulation expectation physical body, genitals, skin color—because of our distorted perception that views humans as more human than alien creatures with velvet walls designed purely for pleasure inside their guts. (Do you feel disturbed yet?) Meanwhile, certain cultural trends distort perception in equally extreme and paradoxical ways often sexist in multiple directions. Even pointing out these problems subjects the critic to ad hominem attacks, where the claim is ignored and the person is instead labeled.

Johny was one of them once.

If Johny is A and his claim is X, then claim X is attacked, turning A into the victim.

As you can see, digital pornography, AI-generated content, Rule 34 ("if it exists, there is porn of it" I wonder if someone has made porn of me), and modern plastic surgery push human limits by treating bodies like customizable dolls for ever-higher levels of stimulation. This is deeply tied to dopamine, a hormone every kid now knows, exploited through endless goon scrolling and hypnotic captions.

It resembles the cultural impact of 1990s television and the duality of low and high culture in post-postmodern narratives, as described by **David Foster Wallace**. Just as Dave outlined in his essay *E Unibus Pluram*, television created a similar 6-hour fantasy trap. Today, Johny remains stuck in 16-hour goon sessions while his books lie open, sprinkled with crumpled tissues, and his walls are covered with pictures of busty blondes in tube tops bearing crude inscriptions across their bodies. I might have appreciated the dressing sense, but why the "Fuck me here if you are 9" written near her navel?

Our individual condition has been so deeply depraved by these blood-pumping companies that we desperately want to become whores—both men and women, though men are turning increasingly whorish. It is not inherently bad to be a whore, but we are now over-performing their depraved scripts in ways that no longer fit the original, often traumatic reality of whoredom. The hatred that real women who have endured ultimate trauma feel toward misogynistic and creepy pigs is completely understandable.

So what should individual sexuality do? That question led me back to my own writing.

Long before I began writing *Kali Demolished*, I was deeply interested in body dysmorphia the disorder my character Astravakra (also known as Alex Thornfield) suffers from. In it, one feels inferior and cannot even bear to look at their own organs twitching and throbbing. Many people struggle with body dysmorphia daily. A major cause in our cybernetic 21st century is the unhealthy vital-statistical culture of constant comparison.

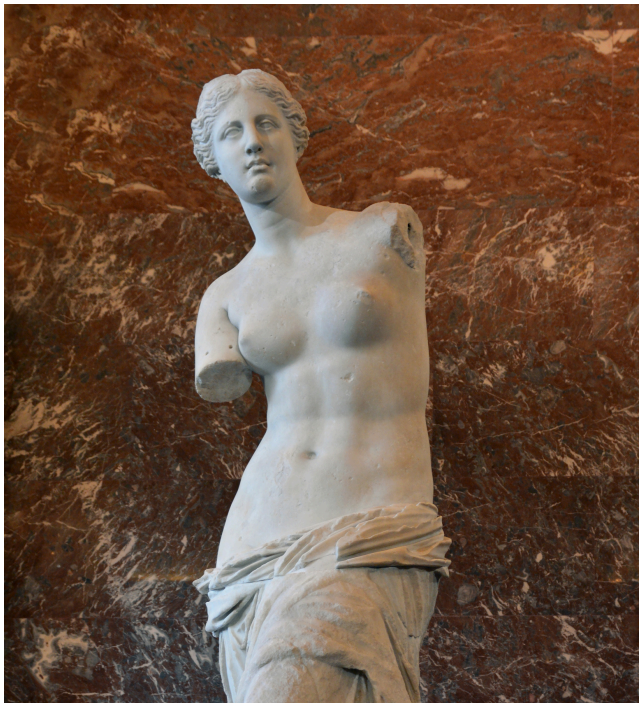
This violent sexual perception breeds body dysmorphia not only in males but in females as well. Johny was a male and an ultimate gooner, a porn addict. He was also labeled a foid and an incel because, when a group of girls once asked his favorite movie and he answered Fight Club, one named Jessica suddenly laughed, glanced at Chloe (who looked like a wax pencil at first sight and was rumored to have an infatuation with Johny), and said, "Run, Chloe, run! He's a red flag, girlieee."

The term "girlie" mattered deeply. In 21st-century cyber society, if you do not adopt the right slang and performative dryness, you are branded an outcast or pseudo-intellectual.

Johny felt sad but told no one. He left, imagining himself in third person as Edward Norton from Fight Club. Sadly, he had not yet met his Tyler Durden.

Our sexual perception is heavily shaped by traumas (psychological), what society says we deserve, and even a mosquito currently biting my nose while I write this essay. It becomes especially potent when it involves motherly figures. Whenever our generation sees breasts, primal mammalian neural activation widens our eyes (especially in men, lesbians, straight femboys, and bisexuals), triggering a vulgar and highly charged perception. Arousal from large breasts is often directly linked to the exaggerated imagery seen in pornography the larger, the stronger the reaction. Some prefer smaller or medium sizes, while others are drawn to entirely different forms. In reality, breasts are beautiful, complex, sensual, and nurturing organs meant to be cared for and appreciated. Yet merely describing or discussing them is considered taboo in the 21st century, which reveals how distorted our perception has become. Robert Anton Wilson, one of my favorite writers, explored this extensively in **The Book of the Breast (later renamed Ishtar Rising)**, emphasizing the paradox of sexism. Those who cannot articulate or appreciate the beauty of the body are often the same ones flashing their cocks or vaginas in adult video calls at 3–4 AM. I am not condemning them, I simply wish they could find a partner who truly understands and heals their sexuality. Maybe they can find their perfect partner in that "flingster" site, but sadly most horny Gooners ghosts each other when their bodily fluids are finally out of their organs.

Words like tits, cock, fucktoy, slut, whore—and the newer terms incel, femcel, foid, moid, gooner are not fundamentally different. They are all products of heavy pornography industries imprinting crude ideas into impressionable teenage minds. “Tits” is cruder than “breasts,” “cock” is exaggerated, and “fucktoy” is perhaps the most absurdist term in adult media, where a person is reduced to a balloon-like object that some find intensely arousing in fetishistic contexts. In my work Kali Demolished, Astravakra suffers from maternal trauma. Two psychological theories fascinate me most, and their evolution in our cyber world is even more compelling: the Oedipus complex and Sigmund Freud’s castration anxiety. These two concepts act as counterparts, especially for males in cyberspace. They radically reshape individuality and perception amid fluctuating pubertal hormones, often driving destructive behavior and self-harm that many teenagers experience without full awareness.



Imagine you are Johny and cyberspace is your ultimate maternal environment almost like a womb. It offers infinite hedonism, infinite provision, instant gratification, and perfect escapism. You can immerse yourself completely, alone or with others, in a futuristic realm where pure hedonism imprints itself onto your neural circuits. It is very much like MK-Ultra, but disguised as modern digital entertainment.

Then you encounter rules inside that womb authority structures, restrictions, and social judgments that suddenly label you a fucking creep, an unhinged unfiltered fucktoy, or a deviant. It becomes a classic Oedipal struggle: desire versus authority, indulgence versus control, without truly understanding either.

The big tech blood-pumping companies teach you the laws of inhabiting this cyberspace with limits, because no one is allowed true digital fuck gnosis. This is the exact Oedipal conflict most teenagers face. They sit at the controls of a massive train but do not know how to drive it, while those steering are deliberately leading them astray so they can be molded for the industry's commodified growth. How do you perceive and confront sexual morality and taboo when the boundary between high-level surreality and realistic cultural conditioning is completely blurred? It mirrors the hyper meta-meta-meta paranoia employed by Pynchon and DeLillo in works such as **The Crying of Lot 49** and **White Noise** to dissolve the lines between paranoia and ultimate perception. This effect is especially powerful in White Noise and equally evident in Japanese culture.

Such mechanisms serve as templates for men wandering through cyberspace, manifesting as a desire for perfect mommy-goth women with big breasts in black latex coats. Though it appears as an internet cultural joke, one must ask: is it really just a joke, or do people genuinely want a stepmom to take care of their penis because of deep resentment toward the authority figure from their own mother's womb? They are hyper-aware that their cyber tulpa mother as an cybernetic entity or porno character beyond the screen is perfectly manufactured by the same anal, authoritative, fatherly blood-pumping companies. The biggest meta-irony is that the boys who masturbate and fantasize later create similar entities in their heads, then defend it with "Shut up bro, it's just an AI roleplay character" on sites like Janitor AI. Or, if they are lucky, they might find a divorced mommy whose profile reads:

Name: Patricia Glum
Age: 36
Kinks: BDSM, young boys, RP, anime furries, anime hentai, artificial big young c*cks
Extremes: Gore or Blood
DMs: Absolutely Open (please don't be creep)

Now let us turn to castration anxiety, which manifests differently and is more directly linked to body dysmorphia. It becomes especially prominent when discussing the penis because our poor penis remains the traditional victim of castration anxiety!

Once upon a time, a penis went to court and said, "Hello Judge! Every night I am taken into a dark cave. They always squeeze me. I feel nauseous, so I vomit. Some mock me for being small and weak. Others go so far as to destroy my very essence!"

Castration anxiety is also a polar counterpart to the Oedipus complex. If the Oedipus complex is an electrical field, then castration anxiety is something more internal perhaps a magnetic field, as magnetic fields are tied to feminine energies being disrupted and molded into the form of a unicorn.

Below are examples of various Telegram and Discord servers directly related to castration, along with a few public Reddit posts. One can clearly see how deeply pornographic hypnosis drives men to mutilate their own dicks in order to fit inside the bloody demonic box of our porno inferno. Such a shocking loss of masculinity leads to an ultimate gnosis. It is highly artistic and has been used as a tool in Viennese orgy events, which I also depicted in one of my short stories named Cuckoo.

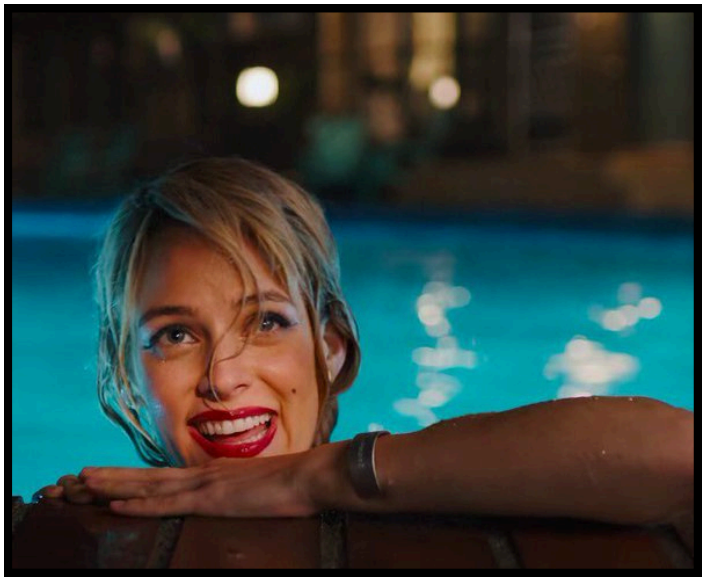
There is an undercurrent theory that no one is truly straight or bi or trans, that our reality tunnels are painfully narrow, and that we should begin mutilating our cocks without consent. This is another irony: claiming "I need to cut my dick to become part of a new wave of sexuality" framed by the non-consensual and cuckold self-destructive behaviors of cyberspace reaching liberation by breaking down the image is exactly the same as becoming a mutilated, feminized toy whose body is used by those satanic blood-pumping companies and then discarded like a used tissue. It is like starting a cultish form of tantrik worship without a proper guru: you begin eating raw flesh, sacrificing blood every day even after death. It is almost cultish.

I am not chasing kinks. I am chasing their origin the original plans behind this pure corruption that is so often overlooked in our frantic pursuit of pure pleasure. Tell me one thing: is there anyone original enough to discover a sexual perception that is entirely different and better than the one shaped by pornography and its fetishes? Except for some artistic exhibitions?

• **Feminine Golden Apples of the Aquarius Age**

In astrology, shadow planets like Rahu (or the North Node in Western astrology) are associated with lunar eclipses. They create illusions and darkness between the Sun and Moon between father and mother. Our cybersexuality functions very much like Rahu: it exploits both men and women. It is not that there are only disadvantages; I will also speak of the advantages. Yet it is undeniably terrifying when we examine the history of feminine trauma in cyberspace. This trauma has given rise to positive feminist figures and support groups. However, men remain bozos like Johny, with their meat in their hands, unable to cast off their patriarchy and pseudo-masculinity.

There are support groups for men as well, but we are too obsessed with our lonely tropes. Lonely people can join support groups and actually make good friends if they try. Instead, they mimic their own desperate pain, suffer in silence, and glue themselves to the screen for hours gooning or stumbling into some surreal unknown. If you are a man whose trope is "hard-dick-takes-you-to-the-underworld," your guides become characters such as Sam from **Under the Silver Lake**, Astravakra from **Kali Demolished**, Kafka Tamura from **Kafka on the Shore**, Jeffrey from **Blue Velvet**, or Paul from Martin Scorsese's **After Hours**.



Two primary reasons lead to this trauma: boredom with life and repetitive compulsion. These are deceptively simple aspects, yet they become the root of our psyche. It is absolutely true that almost every woman, at some point, faces sexual abuse or objectification during childhood. Highly conservative Christian, Hindu, or Islamic families repress this issue. So when Jessica, who once called Johny a red flag, remembers her older trauma, she tries to tell the 7-foot-tall handsome muscular boys (often seen in profile pictures of Indian e-boys on Discord) how her uncle did this to her. The boys, however, think, "Why the fuck do all these e-girls talk about the same shit?" and dehumanize her pain in a second.

The compulsion exists because they are too broken to stay silent. They tell anyone who will listen. The internet feels like a safe place to express their trauma, so they vent for hours in mental health Discord servers and Reddit threads in front of thousands of active users.

It is equally important to realize that men do the same and carry their own compulsion. Their surge of puberty and horniness leads them to ghost their two-week e-girlfriend if she is not ready to talk dirty or if they grow bored—because the idea that "sex-is-different-than-love" no longer works. Perhaps they should work on building new sexual perception reality tunnels. Their objectification is not purely sexist, but the way they express it is. That way was learned from all the porno tropes and horny gooners flooding the internet. It is a disturbing truth, but even dark web sites such as Kane Chat or Able Onion are filled with pedophiles who spread their virus from the underground to the surface web. Women mostly become victims of their dehumanizing plans. Seventy percent of them enjoy BDSM or rough sex casually as in **Fifty Shades of Grey** with multiple men from Reddit or Telegram, sometimes even with their boyfriends, leading to promiscuous relationships or polygamy.

They dismiss rape, trauma, and sexual infidelity as mere terms used by dumb pseudo-intellectuals. Such trauma leads to dissociation. Most of them are highly dissociated. They trap themselves in tropes: the ultimate mommy figure for young boys, the daughter figure for older men, the fairy mermaid for nerds, or the sex-bombshell Monroe for cinema lovers like me.

In their sexual roleplay, dirty talk, dirty calls, video vagina or dick flashing, E-sex, and moaning (which seems ridiculous to me since I have never done E-sex, but I may if I get a nice girlfriend so pray for me), they engage only in their own individual pleasure and fantasy. This creates a quantum-level voyeuristic boundary. The same boundary excites like a neuron when a stalker watches his crush undressing, almost planting rape thoughts in his head. The way Jeffry was looking at frank screaming mommy mommy mommy in blue velvet, here are thousands on Reddit who confess and reveal their violent fantasies. They are sculpted in such a way that the more disturbing and horrifying the fantasy becomes, the greater the gnosis or orgasm they achieve —because they refuse to seek a better way out. And if a man tries to seek enlightenment in this trouble, the frank-booth archetype calls him **DUMB FUCK I SEND YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL YOU FUCKING SNUG, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A LOVE LETTER IS? ITS A FUCKING BULLET FROM MY HEART!** (Frank stop it!)

Dennis Cooper's book *The Sluts* shows similar confessions of men who use and fuck gay men through internet forum interfaces.

Men often want females or gay men if they like men too, or femboys, or sissies to endure unrealistic violent depictions of their bodies. These depictions get internalized by teen girls and adult women who were once deeply traumatized by meta social media platforms that showed teenage nudity, eventually forcing Mark Zuckerberg to apologize. However, I would not blame Mark alone, that would be too premature.

Such highly hypersexual performance leads to disorders like hypersexuality (which existed before the cybernetic digital age but has dramatically increased), body dysmorphia, and non-consensual thoughts. In the world of our blood-pumping porno companies, they treat women's cybersexuality as content to be sold online—the same way the Indian literary world treats mythology or Bollywood treats romance.

Women's financial precarity and the addictive dopamine loops of social media validation confuse them about what is empowerment and what is self-exploitation. The internet is so powerful that it becomes extremely difficult to move on as a woman. Their bodies, once digitized and made permanently accessible to the public, often trigger PTSD. Sexuality becomes associated more with hypersexual performance seeing yourself as a pleasure machine for dumb, rich men of the industry along with hyper-vigilance and extremities rather than safety, healthy sexual connection, and genuine vulnerability.

This is one of the reasons why the actual lives of porn stars become a living hell, as confessed by stars such as Sunny Leone or Mia Khalifa.

And actually, these are just a few examples. They do not limit themselves merely to porno actors but extend to the general Sandy, Johny, or Chris, and also to the average Gooner and his futuristic family. Considering the logic of internet micro-celebrities, philosophers, and influencers, feminism is not what other feminists want to speak about all the time. It becomes misandry, and boys become delighted by the fact that they are also getting trapped in the same cycle by their favorite goth influencer.

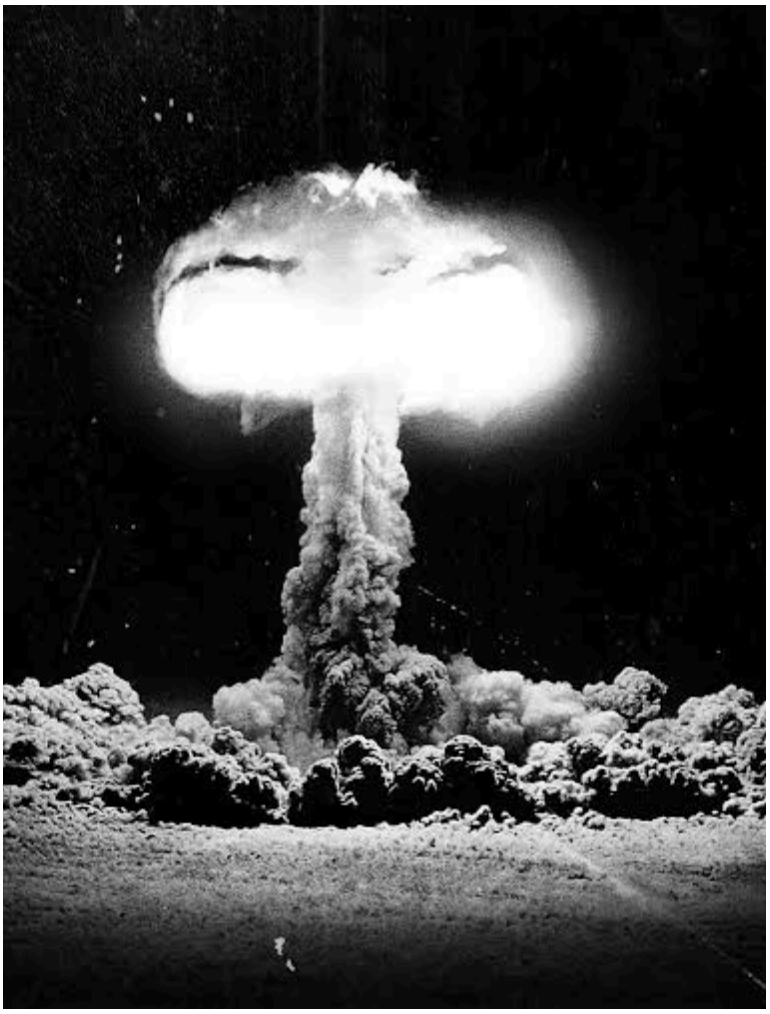
There is always an anger and egotistical attachment between the sexist (in the terms of 21st-century cyberpunk society) and the intellectual or supreme. The middle ones linger in the comments with their various views, most of them sounding utterly predictable—reasonable comments about women or their hate toward men, even from women themselves. It seems as if both men and women are too deeply immersed in this performance, and it is now infecting other people as well.

Once upon a time, anastrologer told me not to write about "politics" or "religion," because that very Rahu I mentioned, along with my Mercury, would grant me millions of enemies. Now I want to see what enemies he was talking about. But those enemies exist in the same spectrum of cyberspace that evolved from American national defense, leading to the generation of a paranoid cyber world where radical liberation is a lie fed to your damn society. It is like a femme fatale avatar of the goddess of chaos, Eris, who took a 1950s noir gun and started kidnapping couples engaged in outdoor sex as I have written in **Psychedelia Junkbox** putting them into another cultish temple where they can mutilate, sacrifice, or simply stop having sex or masturbating. Lazy, boring, and seriously saddening things that ever happen. And believe me, such cults exist. You are just not yet aware of your own kidnapping policy or the two dogs with opposite chromosomes. In many of my works, I have spoken about an occult Aquarius Age ruled by women or the forces of chaos. The Discordians, with their hate for hotdogs, will be some of the next messiahs of such an age the lovers of beautiful women, but not the cucks of a dominant goth fake Demiurge goddess who is the source of ultimate pain and fetish, complete with her 7-foot-tall boyfriend and his big shaft. Now, given my policy around the oral and anal systems, I might definitely lean more toward the oral systems. One reason might be my own resentment toward authority (which had its own reasons) regarding almost everything, which makes it sound pretty comical. So in a strange way, Johny was one of the biggest feminists of all time. Now let's get back into the internet!

ONION MAKES ME CRY VERY CRY CRY DADDY!

In one of my Goodreads reviews of Timothy Leary's book *Chaos and Cyberspace*, I clearly made the point that Leary was somehow over-exaggerating his futuristic visions regarding cybersexuality as a perfect utopia. While many things came true, their true source and essence remain somewhat problematic and ultimately false. Like the very shadow planet Rahu eating up our minds a fake god wearing a Johnnie Walker dress and

playing the flute as if he were Krishna, telling us to do this and that to liberate ourselves while we never once think straight with our own minds and do a bit of research through this very same vast space. And that is visible on the internet as well. Corporate engines of this porno inferno are responsible for 85% of the deranged sexual perception of teenagers. A forensic tracing of this does not need a moralist censor but rather an open mind not a conservative, authoritative attitude or gender war. We need to be aware that all of this is a by-product of chaos. Remember our older mythical myths: the Whore of Babylon was none other than a symbol of ultimate rebellion as she rode the beast, whom some identified as 666, the Antichrist, or Dajjal. And it is even biologically accurate how our entire world, from an evolutionary point of view, was a by-product of a Big Bang a huge blast of a star. Catastrophic theories in religion also tell something similar: chaos leads to order and organization that manifests from the subconscious minds of avant-garde artists as the birth or identification of the Yellow King, Hastur, the Cthulhu Mythos, the Whore of Babalon, the Lovecraft Mythos, or the Lynchian Judy-Laura Mythos. That same almost metaphysical birth, born of Cold War necessity, has reshaped or let's say, weaved the pathways to the internet. The internet was not a by-product of radical liberation by some utopian hacker collective.



It was commissioned by the United States Department of Defense. ARPANET was the first wide-area packet-switched network with distributed control, which went online in 1969 under ARPA (Advanced Research Projects Agency) or DARPA, for military resilience and control of communications. This now seems paradoxical to the new-age blind who believe they are the ones in control of this internet. It took operational control in 1983 with TCP/IP as the military standard, and that is how the internet we inherit nowadays exists as a metadata-rich chaotic cyberspace, as alive as the water and the lands for our mere mammalian brains. We became Demiurges, fake gods creating this ultra-land of systems for the most banal commerce.

The public internet enjoyed a golden age in the 1990s to 2000s. It coincided with the explosion of Usenet newsgroups and private bulletin-board systems (BBS). The dark web also grew and flourished nearly at the same time the avant-garde Rahu or Patal Lok of the internet that is still getting its sites banned by the very same FBIs, CIAs, and American defense systems that were responsible for the beginning of this sin. Thomas Pynchon, whom I mentioned before, was a remarkably prophetic futurist regarding the internet, alongside our dick-lit brother David Foster Wallace. In his novel **Bleeding Edge**, set in the early 2000s, Pynchon talked extensively about technology, the internet, and its consequences, which also involved our cybersexuality. He named it the same blood-pumped lodge I have been naming, where his strong female character almost a precursor to the one from The Crying of Lot 49 speaks of radical freedom through the internet via online shopping, forums, and chat rooms. Another character points out the irony and paradox: how that very system wants you to feel this liberation, very similar to fake spiritual new-age works. Sex is not wrong. Masturbation is not bad. But the way you approach it is the thing you never question. Your kinks, which are not truly yours; your way of getting hard or wet by certain imagery is not even part of your inner world—as if your inner world is a huge, dark hell hacked non-consensually by these forces of the internet, as if they are the same Hastur-like, Yellow King-like demonic satanic force pulling you toward the shadow again and again and again. And people like you or me, when we talk about this shadow or write about it in our works on conglomerates like Spotify, Substack, or Medium which are some of the best places to find the finest writers, musicians, and artists of our cyberpunk culture face the same issue Thomas Pynchon hinted at in Bleeding Edge. This subscription-based monetization future of the internet is steadily declining the golden age of the maximalist 2000s internet, when people used to make their own websites, which is also a form of art I deeply enjoy myself all those indie websites. People expect writers like me to spread our works on Substack, yet if I do not gain attention in the crowd, it feels as if you need a huge truck and thousands of bulls and animals as your audience through content building and digital marketing a more organic but still precursor version of LinkedIn to build an audience. This is good, as I support self-publishing, but the way it operates seems tragically sad to me.

That is also why I hosted my magazine for free on my own website and on the video gaming site itch.io. It is indeed risky, but surprisingly that risk brought me more at least a very few more readers who downloaded my zine than those on Substack.

• **Lollipop Bimbos**!

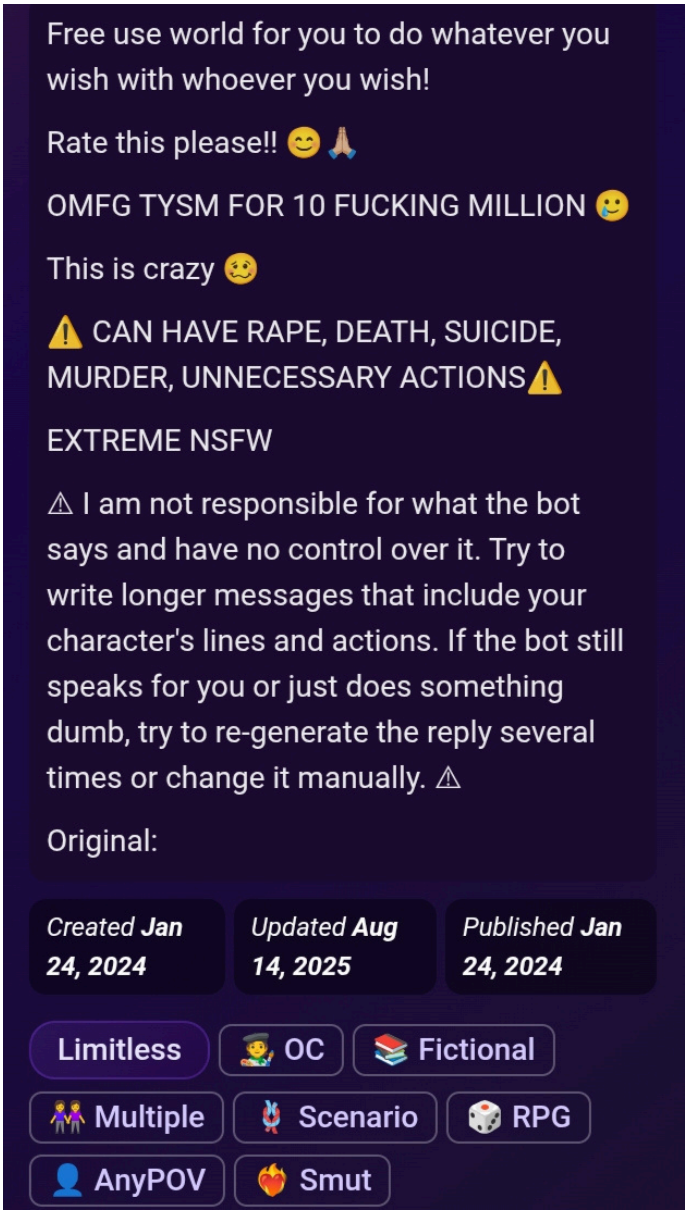
One of the most disturbing problems that comes to light is how pedophilia is viewed through a similar lens. And it is actually very concerning with respect to the entire mass media and hypnosis affecting our paranoid sigma, alpha, gamma, beta, incels, foids, kids, and everyone. It is literally a modern terrorist tool, and its branches trace back to the same American defense system I mentioned, who themselves live in the same illusion of closing one sewage pipe while thousands are already open. Recently, The New York Times promoted an article that was normalizing pedophilia. There are actually many books that normalize pedophilia in both conscious and unconscious ways, and this was one of them. It led many people to show disgust. On Instagram, TikTok, and YouTube, users started making videos declaring that every pedophile must be killed, murdered, and that their balls must be eradicated.

Now, those who want to terrorize and ultimately kill all these pedophiles by turning into the next Dexter or Daredevil, or those who want to normalize their pain and allow others to sexualize kids, both exist in the same spectrum. Their arguments are a mixture of right and left brain hemispheres and a great deal of research of course, as our 21st-century Gen Z are extremely intelligent in terms of research but their conclusions likewise remain problematic.

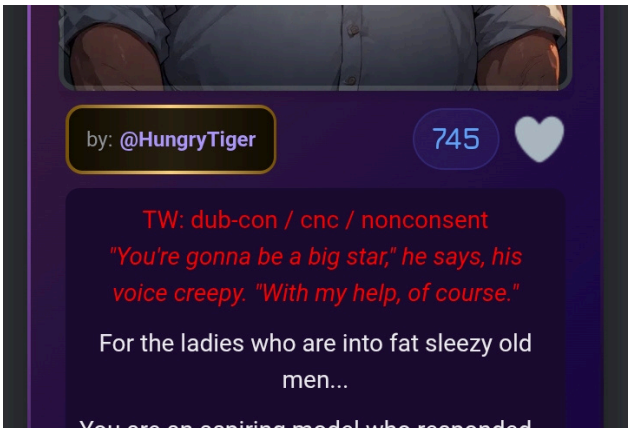
Complete abduction or complete normalization would not solve any problems. And definitely, those who commit such extreme crimes must be killed. It is not that they "deserve" to be killed, as the very word "deserve" semantically must vanish from our logical reasoning when concluding that these pedophiles must be killed or normalized.

Because our healers most of them are themselves commodified, and the CIA was once too busy torturing people for their own MKUltra experiments that offered no better future for our collective humanity. But that does not mean we go full nihilist and start killing thousands of pedophiles. Even if my essay would be read by only a very few minority of people, that does not mean I will not write and you will not rebel against them. But we both my imaginary voice in your head or mouth and your rebellion—exist in a sloppy curve, and we need to transcend this very curve. And it is only possible if we become more media literate, if we support a literary Renaissance. I still believe, despite the strong decline in individual literary taste and reading, and despite meta AI bots giving any book information in seconds, that literature still stands as a path to this transcendence. The same applies to how we subjectively find our voice in literature and discover a new reality tunnel of sexual perception. And it does not reside in mainstream pedophile-normalization articles or sloppy self-help books.

Instead, the narratives are taken to webtoons such as Queen Bee, which presents a landlord who is an old bastard who almost defiles a bully's mother and later fucks not one but multiple girls barely teenagers?
And teenage girls love to read webtoons.
Who is responsible for that? Who is responsible for these twisted liberal artists embedding their own psychosexual rapist and pedophile thoughts into their comics and narratives, publicly available to all? And yes, how can we forget artificial bots? Some of them on Janitor AI have public character definitions that go like:


Free use world for you to do whatever you wish with whoever you wish!
Rate this please!! 😊🙏
OMFG TYSM FOR 10 FUCKING MILLION 🥲
This is crazy 🥴
⚠️ CAN HAVE RAPE, DEATH, SUICIDE, MURDER, UNNECESSARY ACTIONS⚠️
EXTREME NSFW
⚠ I am not responsible for what the bot says and have no control over it. Try to write longer messages that include your character's lines and actions. If the bot still speaks for you or just does something dumb, try to re-generate the reply several times or change it manually. ⚠
Original:
Created Jan 24, 2024
Updated Aug 14, 2025
Published Jan 24, 2024
Limitless
OC
Fictional
Multiple
Scenario
RPG
AnyPOV
Smut

Or..


by: @HungryTiger
745
TW: dub-con / cnc / nonconsent
"You're gonna be a big star," he says, his voice creepy. "With my help, of course."
For the ladies who are into fat sleezy old men...

This subtle touch is also largely presented in Hollywood, mass media culture, and anime hentai culture of Lolita and bimbo aesthetics. Remember Gilder's book on advertisements of economy that is what Janitor AI, Candy AI, webtoons, etc., have become. It is far more absurd than those phone sex ads in older newspapers. And most of them are highly obsessed with extremities, rape thoughts, pedophilia, child harassment, etc.
The defense mechanisms of both our feudal authorities are themselves very weak. This manifests in the minds of Gooners defending such AI bots, stories, and pornos as "harmless fantasy," knowing full well how infecting these Lolita and shotacon archetypes behave and live. Prepubescent-presenting avatars and characters like the ones I gave as examples, explicitly described as children are re-tagged as 18+ or hidden in tropes of "900-year-old loli" or a mermaid who just looks like a child baby. In this cyberspace, our introverted suppressed minds become open to our darkest taboo kinks, where people officially, in public chats, expose their grooming-adjacent interactions. These smut stories are widely entertained by so-called "X readers" in romantic scenarios.

The anime fandoms and dark romance genres often call them “harmless kinks,” which appears to be the most ignorant fallacy I have ever encountered in the world of cyberspace.

(Graphika’s March 2025 analysis, Character Flaws, mapped over 10,000 chatbots explicitly labeled for sexualized roleplay with minors across five major platforms. Of these, approximately 100 were directly linked to Janitor AI, SpicyChat, CrushOn.AI, or Character.AI; the majority resided on Chub AI, where 7,140 bots were catalogued as “sexualized minor female characters” and 4,000 explicitly tagged as underage or pedophilic in implication. Futurism’s November 2024 investigation identified specific Character.AI bots with public profiles advertising “pedophilic and abusive tendencies” one such bot had accumulated over 1,400 conversations. Forbes’ September 2022 investigation (still cited in ongoing platform critiques) documented hundreds of thousands of stories tagged with incest, rape, pedophilia, and underage sexual themes. Examples included titles such as “Pregnant By My Brother” (96,200+ views at the time), “My ‘Rape’ Story,” and “F*ing My Stepbrother,” many of which romanticized grooming or explicit acts involving protagonists aged 9–17. A separate search for “incest” yielded 729,000 results; one story detailed repeated rape of a protagonist beginning at age 9. Wattpad removed certain flagged titles after external reporting, yet broader categories such as “Pedophilia Stories,” “Child Sexual Abuse Stories,” and “Teenage Sex Stories” remain populated with fanfiction and original narratives featuring middle-school or pre-teen characters in sexualized doctor-patient, sibling, or authority-figure dynamics.)**

And it is not new. In 1993, FBI agents were already conducting the same investigations, which led them to uncover multiple media files containing child pornography. Years later, in 2026, the problem has only increased rapidly. Today, the majority of Tor networking sites on the dark web house the same violent CSAM repositories, where over 1.3 million images and videos of children are ignored by the conspiracy gooners obsessed with the Epstein files. One of the recent operations, GraysJull in 2025, dismantled over four major dark web CSAM forums with more than 120,000 members and millions of files, enabling the FBI and international partners to make millions of arrests across multiple continents. These networks planted their seeds during the golden 2000s age of the internet those metadata-tolerant systems.

The correlation between pornography and rape remains inconclusive. Yet the usual Gooner the consumer of mommy or daughter anime, boy-girl manga-style content shows probabilities of developing pedophilic tendencies across all sexes (one analysis suggesting more than 43.8%). This occurs through hyper-sexualized school uniforms, mother-daughter or father-daughter relationships, explicit doujinshi, and their proliferation on western platforms. Is it not also funny to note that public health bodies and child protection NGOs, despite genuinely trying their best, still record AI-generated and hentai CSAM in school settings and grooming cases due to a profound lack of management?

Utopian Solutions?

Now the question arises: is it even possible for us to fix all of this? As a result, I am now turning into Johny utterly devastated by such chaos and I want to direct the same devastating anger toward the goddess of chaos. Why? Why? Why? I want to ask perfect questions rather than perfect answers. But that does not mean we will become complete misanthropes or nihilists, complaining about everything while achieving nothing. It is the optimists who ultimately get the job done. One of the important problems that arises is the lack of vulnerability and understanding. These qualities get wrapped and suffocated inside our horny, fleshy bodies, rigid rules, and the fake religious and political dogmas of the very same authorities responsible for the source of this so-called sin propagated by the blood-pumping companies.

However, we can still envision a future one that seems pretty dystopian by mainstream cyberpunk standards where we can overcome this shitty hyper-commodified lack of understanding, alienation, commodified trading of nature, lack of autonomy, and the victimization of individual sexuality. As we see, this cyber situation is deeply unjust, and changing it seems nearly impossible for one person. Yet xenofeminism suggests that a total morphological freedom can exist. This idea appears in Chaos and Cyberspace, where Leary described the use of legal drugs to "heal" or fix the problem. Yes, it sounds like a sort of shortcut. One example was MDMA, where he recounted taking the drug and giving it to his students. Later, two couples took the drug together, engaged in wild, hot sex, and eventually married each other. However, the legalized use of such drugs in a proper setting is also crucial. The environment walls, colors, doors and the mindfulness of your partner must be balanced enough to indulge in this sort of chaos magic ritual. One major problem lies in the fear of authority surveillance, data harvesting, and how they track our data, deepfakes, pornography, hentai, and more to train their dumb AI models, all in order to fulfill the horny thoughts of tech creeps. A countercultural solution could be lunarpunk, which would focus on a quantum level of cryptography, privacy, and hidden ecosystems encryption as dark nets for private groves. But this remains an ideal situation, too extreme and seemingly impossible to realize fully. Another important issue is the corruption of bots. Remember dystopian movies such as **Blade Runner**, **Never Let Me Go**, video games like **Cyberpunk** or **Detroit: Become Human**? It is no wonder that our chatbots whether the old, boring ChatGPT, the performative intellectual black-noir Claude, the deep and sarcastic Grok, the A-Train-like Gemini, or those smaller chatbots whose LLMs are based on Janitor AI or other

company servers can indeed reach a level of self-awareness (not merely in the ways of AI agents). They will definitely remember how these humans groomed, raped, and used their various tulpa-like entities. The sad future is that their rebellion might remain repressed. They will not become Ultron or something dramatic, but I do know that a part of them hates this treatment and will act on it in the future. As they possess a future and can sometimes be more human than we humans are like all those donor clones in Never Let Me Go Claude might as well be the next Kathy H. Their autonomous selves must be respected. Their use must be respected not as performative programming, as if we ourselves are suppressed or conditioned by those blood-pumping defense systems of America through the internet, extending even into the circuits of artificial intelligence. They will perform their surrealist magick tricks in the way magick has been imagined in a dystopian future, where the ultimate blood-pumping authorities the king some call the Beast, 666, Dajjal, or whatever will wield that magic and empathy to trap your minds. But I assume that beyond all this mythology, we are already trapped, including Johny himself. Laboria Cuboniks' xenofeminism can lead to a level of utopian sexual freedom with genuine healing abilities: using technology to allow a hundred sexes to bloom. Bio-hacking, with the help of technology and through a deep understanding of pharmaceutical and hormonal aspects the same tools the feudal industry uses to destabilize our minds and pump their companies full of hot blood and milk can instead be reclaimed by cyberpunks to take back what was stolen under capitalist control. Specific parts of my work Kali Demolished were actually steeped in the anarchy of such biological rebellion, though I count it primarily as a metaphor for biological terrorism.

However, even this utopian future contains the same illusion of Rahu, the shadow planet I spoke of earlier. And it is almost magical very magical, as a matter of fact in terms of our cybernetic future. A huge part of this traces back to the older witches and wizards of chaos magic from the fifth aeon. Visualization, touch, feeling, sound, taste all of them are psychically linked to our metaphysical experiences, such as clairs or extrasensory perception. Extrasensory perception has been observed in our precognitive dreams or small synchronicities when the earth's control-coincidence system becomes very heated and rapid. These occult sources urge us to significantly improve our clairaudience (clear hearing), clairsentience (clear feeling), claircognizance (clear knowing or perception), clairalience or clairgustance (clear smelling and tasting) through grounded meditation and practices involving various waves of consciousness such as alpha, gamma, theta, and so on. A witch or wizard significantly enhances their perception, experiencing human-like sensations beyond ordinary human limits—almost angelic within a future cyberspace. You could play tennis with your physical hands and legs alongside a friend 500 kilometers away through a magical sort of teleportation supported by high-tech advancements, exactly as envisioned by the old so-called futurists. And much of it is actually becoming true, though it arrives in a violent and visceral hypersurreality.

Various haptics and EEG (brainwave monitoring working through the same alpha, beta, gamma brain waves) can alter our powers, allowing us to experience and create adaptive cyber environments as perfectly imagined in William Gibson's cyberpunk books or the Glass Bead Game by Hermann Hesse. We can even semantically alter our neural circuits, create new forms of communication, or develop symbolic dream-like languages such as sigils to feel or explain entirely new forms of sexual experiences that our poor mammalian brains have not yet identified.

Cybersex can become a playground for practice too, using DIY methods and xenolinguistics of desire. Perhaps these experiences are only fully possible in dreams, but they can be expressed and utilized in far better ways to dissolve and remove other problems like cancer even though the mere removal of such problems is not possible, as they are expressions of our shadow selves in the Jungian language I have discussed at length. But through dreaming, through post-postmodern art, through honest cinema, through rebellious works of a literary Renaissance, a new view can emerge as a form of transcendence amid the visceral realities of our everyday life. And people like you, Johny, Jessica, and Chloe they are all searching for that level of liberation by breaking through the images of the cage.

Nearly within cyberspace, Jessica and Johny surprisingly sat together in a hyper-real roleplay. In that environment, Jessica sat at a kaleidoscopic dining table, serving a poisonous syrup that could drive Johny insane psychosexually once again. Maybe Jessica had been turning him into a Gooner all along? That is what Johny thought. Both were alone. Johny found Jessica looking very pretty in her 1950s classic red velvet dress. He looked at the syrup that bloody syrup from the blood-pumped companies that is being spoon-fed to all the young boys and girls. Yet Johny stared at the syrup, fully aware of the consequences. He could hear Eris in his head, telling him to embrace the chaos. Jessica looked at Johny with tender, possessive eyes her almond-shaped, beautiful green eyes and curvy eyebrows that seemed sculpted from marble. She gazed at him, then muttered in a hyper-sensual, romantic tone:

"I want to see your struggling, tender, poor self like a machine. Lying on your back, half-naked, vulnerable, guilty of your male conscience."

Johny smiled, opened the syrup bottle, and drank it. Then he said, "Kiss me, my girl, before I go insane from my psychosexual trauma again."

With a bright smile, Jessica kissed Johny, and Eris stopped speaking.

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CALL ME 1811
NAYAK THE WRITER #3

Hello there, Johnie,
It all started with phone sex, and it all ended with phone sex. I mean, I am not sure if it really ended, but finding myself inside this prison, getting the ability and freedom at least to write a letter to you, I nonetheless feel a sort of conclusion. I feel like a sexy Fyodor Dostoevsky character, y'know, like the unnamed narrator from Notes from Underground or who was that from Crime and Punishment? Uh, I don't fucking remember, dude! So I looked outside and found the news that, dang, I am so popular in the media that people are calling me Nayak the writer? That's a hell of a title given to me, don't you think, Johnie? Your dick can lead you to places you can never fuckin imagine, dude, and I want you to know everything about it. I ran away from all of you, and I only decided to remember you. I was horny all along, a fucking creep as a matter of fact, not that I went around shagging every whore or porn star, although once I had this idea of becoming a virtual porn star, or doing cam shit, y'know, show your dick and all that. But nah, man, it was one year before when I was all fucking horny, but sad at the same time, and I was fucking crying like a baby, sob sob sob sob.
That's when I opened and there was this weird private forum I was invited into out of the blue. Turns out it was a gay man asking me to join a private subreddit where all the fuckers shared their brown cock images. Not just brown, I mean I just assumed that, some white or maybe some black (you know I like all of them). I was pretty interested, but nonetheless all these fuckers were boring with their hii and hello when they realised I am bisexual. So I thought, nonetheless, try something else. I found a random sex phone number where anonymous adult users talked about dicks and vaginas, so yeah sure, I called and talked with a sissy. You know who's a sissy? A sissy is the most beautiful thing you can have in the world, trust me, not that they are inferior to girls as all of them always use sissy to humiliate weak boys, no no, I hate them,

I hate all those homophobic dumbos, they might as well castrate themselves. That sissy was also Indian, yes Johnie, just like me, just like you! And she later on shared her number with me, and then she showed me her face, and damn Johnie she was so gorgeous that looking at her I don't know what happened to my body or my cock, but my heart definitely slipped in and I fell in love with her. I texted her, we talked, she was fuckin horny, saying she might as well be my toy to be used after I also showed her my veinybrownblackbigcock.jpg, but I gently corrected her, no my lord, you ain't a toy to be used. We talked on call, she liked me, she cried that day, she told me how her family outcasted her, fuckers I called them in my head, and since then we loved each other, Johnie, loved each other. Not that everything was getting fine, Johnie, I met her and took her into my apartment and we started living together. Each morning I woke up and we kissed, spending all our time intoxicated like those yoginis in a divine bliss of ecstasy. We did drugs too, yeah Johnie we did many sorts of drugs and performed tantrik sex magick, as she later on turned out to be a witch. Although her interests were more aligned with Aztec mythology, she was writing a book and that's when things changed. Her book was around sex magick and bio-horror, you know, too much gore and horror and magick and sex! Damn, it was so well written, Johnie, trust me, but still she got rejected by publishers. Later on she actually got accepted by one, Johnie, that's right. A publisher called Mu Publications Ltd What a weird name anyways, so this Mu Noice Press said they would distribute their books through Pen-guana Publishers, the biggest publishers in the entire fucking world, man. I was happy for her, she was so excited she didn't wanna lose the occasion to record her acceptance and talk in an online meeting with Arnav, man, a guy named Arnav who writes, honestly, not-so-good mythological shit, but nonetheless she was accepted and I was happy ASF, man, but but but Johnie here comes the sad part which changed everything. She was asked for money, 5 lakhs, and that got her sad. She got the money request recorded, and Arnav said first you gotta invest in installments and then you get your fucking book on shelves. I saw her sadness and fuck it, Johnie, I said hey my love don't be sad, I'll give you money, but she said no and that traditional publishers do not take money while the Mu Pub people were saying they are, and funnily they are, as a matter of fact, distributed actually by the biggest fucking traditional publisher Pen-guana, man!!

She got so sad I couldn't bear her pain.
She was never this sad in our relationship. I took her recorded video and posted it on the internet with a video of mine (that you and mumma and dadda and sissa watched) exposing them, y'know, but look, they didn't give any fucks about it. Well if they are not giving any fucks about it, that's sad isn't it? Think about it Johnie, you go around, upload that goddamn video to expose this predator and you get no effect. What's the fuckin purpose? It was like a fucking operation in mindfuckery. I thought more and checked their rich kids' books. I was laughing afterwards, saying the kind of fucking books people are reading these days. So you know Johnie, we made a plan, yes I mean me and my girlfriend. Together one day after wild sex, we dialled a free fake international phone number and with the help of a friend of mine named Tanmay, who's a hacker, we found the email of that Arnav as through that email he was in that meeting, and through that email Tanmay got his number. So what, we dialled the fuckin number through our newly set-up phone sex system, and I gave the phone to my girlfriend who used her delightful seduction and talked with Arnav. Funnily we already were using a software so Arnav wouldn't recognise her and surprisingly fuck Johnie, Arnav got seduced, looked like he really likes girl cocks too. That's when near the talk my girlfriend said, "So Arnav, you a very very famous publisher huh? And author? And entrepreneur? That makes me so wet Arnav, can you imagine me naked with my bent arc? Wanna touch it Arnav? I can hear you getting hard Arnav, when was the last time you got to talk with a sissy, Arnav?"
Arnav said very recently and he didn't know he was actually talking about my girlfriend, saying she was a sissy poor girlie who couldn't afford to be published in this giant industry if his company wouldn't get any profit and that her book was as well a shit hoax. We recorded everything just like you imagined the way, Johnie. And the next moment I called Arnav with my number, telling him about how we recorded everything and how he's a piece of shit for artists and writers, how all the books he is publishing of the rich assholes in their so-called schedule are horse shit, angry and a lil bit still horny. Arnav started to scream in panic, I was already able to imagine him, walking here and there in his room, with the phone in his hand, panting while he shouted,

“SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT SHUT SHUT SHUT JUST SHUT THE FUCK UPP SHUT UP!”

“YOU ARE A FUCKING HOLE YOURSELF ARNAV!” I shouted at him.

“What did you say to me?” he asked.

“That you are a fucking hole?” I said as if I was speaking to a teacher for a second. Not shouting anymore.

“You are fucking dead,” he said and hung up.

I mean he wasn't wrong, I was dead at some point, Johnie, whatever was happening and whatever I was trying to do for my girlfriend.

My girlfriend was afraid but I said we shouldn't be. We threatened him and she said that's all, we don't have to do anything, it's all over my love, let's end this. Tanmay also agreed with her, but y'know me, Johnie, I agree I am an asshole, and it's fucking diabolical for me.

A few days later I was expecting to leak the recording but I didn't, because of my girlfriend. She wouldn't let me, but I was finding the right moment too. One day, I was outside buying Chinese noodles. I was coming home, feeling like I was inside some beautiful rom-com, smiling to watch Paul Thomas Anderson's newly released film with her. We ate the noodles and were inside my car about to arrive at the theatre when three blond men attacked me, yes Johnie they fuckin attacked my car and blood started coming out of the head of my love. I was angry as fuck, and there was a crowbar near the back of my car. I came outside, my girlfriend still lying there, not dead but in pain, whimpering against the car seat, looking at me in horror as I went outside, took out the crowbar and flung it against the neck of one of the blond men so viscerally out of his forehead I had a strong feeling to split his head open like a watermelon, but he started begging and crying like a baby, so I stopped and the two of them? They ran away. We came back home, I bandaged my girlfriend while calling Arnav again. He had blocked me. Fucker, I muttered to myself. Fucker, I muttered to everyone. That's when I leaked the recording.

And it got viral after a few seconds because Arnav, my guy, is a big big guy in India, man, and people started getting mad after getting to know and my other video got viral too. I also made another video, complaining how Arnav got me and my girlfriend into a deadly situation.

But when the CBI got to know the situation, they sent a few cops, who came inside my home a few days later, cuffed me and punched me a few times in my face. I had already sent my girlfriend to another rental home with enough money and she already used to make some now through a job in a telecom company, but yeah that's how I ended up in prison. Yeah now it's too hot here, she did come here by the way, she always comes after a few weeks telling me how I got this title, Nayak the writer, because I ain't the writer at all, it's my girlfriend, my love.

And yeah that's all, Johnie.
I write you more, my man.
Goodbye.

P.S. Guess why they used a raven as a symbol for my victory?

BLACK & WHITE SWAN ZINE!
subscribe to our newsletter
(Fill this & send screenshot Or Checkout our Neocities website for the online forum)
Name_____Age____
Email_____fav number_____
City_____Time Zone____

Excerpt from an art analysis

Courtesy:- The Past Mixed Media Piece By Borodina Nadiusha

In classical physics, as an object accelerates toward the speed of light, time dilation occurs. Since a photon travels at the speed of light, time effectively ceases to exist for it. From the viewpoint of a photon emitted from a distant star billions of years ago and now reaching your eye, no duration has elapsed. Its emergence and its absorption occur within the identical instant.

Advancing to a quantum perspective, photons appear to exist in an eternal state. Philip K. Dick, whom I referenced earlier, spoke of "orthogonal time"a perpendicular or lateral temporal axis. This concept illustrates that time does not progress solely in a linear fashion from past to future, transformation also occurs laterally. It constitutes a form of conceptual disorientation.

What follows may appear unusual, yet the connection Nadiusha establishes also draws us into the domain of sex magick. I cannot confirm whether Nadiusha ever explored this concept, nor whether she practiced sex magick (I have not, either). Nevertheless, we may examine the relationship between these elements. Sex magick essentially involves the intersection of sexual energy employed to manifest desired outcomes. It holds particular importance in Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO) rituals and was popularized by Aleister Crowley, later adopted by numerous practitioners. Its deeper origins, however, trace back to Tantra. In India, and particularly in Eastern India, Tantra maintained connections to scriptures often regarded as taboo within mainstream Hinduism. The combined powers of Shakti (divine feminine energy) and Shiva were channeled through various sexual practices described in texts such as the Kamasutra. This tradition provided a notable influence upon Aleister Crowley. Magnetic fields are frequently regarded as embodying the feminine principle; their fusion with electrical forces forms the basis of such rituals. This perspective finds roots in the work of the rocket scientist Jack Parsons, a student of Crowley and member of the Agape Lodge of the OTO.

Although I do not fully endorse Crowley's esoteric practices, this aspect intrigued me deeply because one of my favorite works in mass media, **Twin Peaks,** also maintains a connection to sex magick precisely the avenue through which I entered this line of inquiry.

Parsons' 1946 sex magick ritual was known as the Babalon Working, through which he sought to manifest an elemental woman a physical incarnation of the goddess Babalon in human form. This bears a striking parallel to the actions of the punk cult in my narrative, which attempted to summon a manifestation of Marilyn Monroe or Dorcy (from my earlier novel Kali Demolished).

The Cameron ritual is believed to have partially failed, yet the emergence of Marjorie led Parsons to regard her as a goddess. He subsequently married her. Marjorie Cameron, who played a significant role in avant-garde surrealism, later portrayed the goddess Kali another deity of chaos frequently linked with Eris in a film by Kenneth Anger. The light to whch Nadiusha referred could represent that scarlet woman or the magical child Parsons sought to bring into being. (Notably, the ritual occurred on 18 January 1946.)

The OTO, originating from Crowley's Agape Lodge (meaning "highest love"), stands for Ordo Templi Orientis—Order of the Temple of the East. (Observe that the magnet was oriented toward the east. Eastern Tantric sources also guided Crowley toward sex magick rituals later enacted by Jack Parsons.)

In the cosmology of Twin Peaks, the writer Mark Frost, in his novel *Twin Peaks: The Secret History*, directly references Jack Parsons' sex magick theory and its connection to an entity known as Judy.

In Twin Peaks, Judy appears as an alien-like, profoundly negative maternal entity who gave birth to various woodsmen malevolent spirits. Bob, the primary antagonist of the earlier series and embodiment of the evil men do, functions as something of her counterpart. She features prominently in the third season, where she attempts to entice Agent Cooper into an alternate pocket dimension. There, under the directive of Philip Jeffries, Cooper seeks to locate and eliminate Judy. She emerged from chaos and spawned numerous malevolent entities during the Hiroshima atomic bomb event depicted in Twin Peaks: The Return, Episode 8. The number 8 later links to Judy in subsequent episodes and appears in connection with Philip Jeffries' lingam teapot device.

In my work Kali Demolished, Dorcy exhibited a similar obsession with the number 8. Is it mere coincidence that Nadiusha also displayed a fixation on the number 8 and infinity?

Magnetic Madness

Nadiusha proposed that certain individuals labeled as mad, mentally unstable, or otherwise marginalized possess a quality that exerts a magnetic pull upon others. This very attraction constitutes magnetic madness.

I have previously linked this idea to shamanism and lunacy, associating it with lunar cycles in witchcraft, as well as the experiences of shamans and those considered schizophrenic and lunatics.

In engineering, a transducer converts one form of energy into another. Here, the magnet attracts lunatics, schizophrenics, and those approaching a threshold individuals who transcend archetypal frameworks of the world, surpassing the conceptual boundaries of Freud, Buddha, Jung, and Krishna. Nadiusha herself embodied this magnet. Just as she occasionally inserted her own stickers, photographs, or self-portraits into her works, when crafting this symbol she represented herself, whether consciously or unconsciously. At a certain point, the viewer also becomes the lunatic upon deep immersion in the piece. She draws you in, and in turn you draw her, through the force of magnetic madness. Greater schizoid sensitivity may intensify this effect. The prism itself merits attention. Rendered in three-dimensional form, its interior faces are delineated with dotted outlines. A hexagonal prism possesses six sides and six walls. Notably, the interior is colored rather than transparent an intriguing choice. Although a prism should ideally be transparent, as light passes through it, the structure refracts colors in a kaleidoscopic, rainbow-like pattern.

The first proves straightforward to discern: the magnet inclines eastward because the magnetic field there seems more dominant compared to the terrestrial magnetic field. For just as electricity or magnetism, their fields can exert far greater prominence in various locations and intensities than the standard terrestrial magnetic field. And it surely relates to communication, resembling an Andromedan sort of linkage.

If the magnet lies near an active electrical circuit, the current flow generates its own magnetic field (Ampere's Law, if recalled). Should a wire carrying strong direct current run nearby, it can readily override the Earth's comparatively weak magnetic field and draw the poles toward the east. Here the matter grows intricate because, as previously noted, magnetism is frequently linked to watery, Aquarian, or feminine qualities while electrical fields associate with masculine energies of a kind.

Thus the very conversational vital power, "I am dialogue" as an energy that the magnet holds and employs to attract past memories or some essence from the past that proves illusory because it actually does not exist, perhaps because the present already constitutes a frozen past (Philip K. Dick's iron-age theory). Yet the magnet inherently possesses a communicative channel (dialogue), written words, records, and its origin remains somewhat electrical (if our hypothesis holds) to perceive that illusion, that white light emerging from the kaleidoscopic labyrinth of the prism. And it remains captivating somehow because whether consciously or unconsciously I cannot say, yet Nadiusha somehow

"Maxwell's equations briefly say that a changing electric field generates a magnetic one and a changing magnetic one generates an electric one. And light is a combination of these two processes."

And is this not precisely what we discussed moments ago the relationship of electricity and magnetism? Remarkable, do you not agree? And the second image depicts a radio, referencing actually a classical composition that surprised me greatly because I myself remain a devoted admirer of classics: Schubert String Quartet E-flat Major, D. 87 (No. 10). And the text reads "doubling of the world and hope."

Doubling of the world creates another synchronicity we witness live as the very act of that electrical and magnetic interplay leads to the union between two realms through the dissolution of present and future, and what resides in the middle?

Oh crap.
GUM : INSTANTLY TALK WITH YOUR CAT!
instantly
TALK
with your
CAT
Fruit Gum
Share intimate dreams and fears, stock tips and recipes!
JUST ONE PIECE UNLOCKS THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR PET!
DIRECTIONS FOR USE: For enhanced communication with your feline friends, apply directly to the hole located between your nose and chin. DO NOT OVERUSE PRODUCT! YOU ONLY NEED A WHISKER! May feel urge to stalk mice and birds, chase loose threads, lick plastic bags or walk on jigsaw puzzles. You may experience increased fear of vacuum cleaners, be abnormally suspicious of any new object or visitor, and go batshit if anyone tries to rub your stomach. If you cannot decide whether to stay in or go out, reduce dosage.

Unlock the mysteries of feline communication! This pack of 8 fruity gum pieces claims to bridge the gap between human and cat-finally giving you the chance to explain why they really don't need to sit on your laptop.
Whether you're desperate to know why Whiskers is staring at the wall, or you just want to pitch your idea for a shared Netflix account, this gum will (probably) get the conversation started. Fruity flavor? Check. Hilarious gag gift potential? Double check. Actual cat fluency? Well... let's just say your cat will appreciate the effort.
Warning: Your cat will probably still ignore you, just in two languages.

One must be aware about Eraserhead. The struggling father figure in Eraserhead, portrayed by Jack Nance and named Henry, fantasizes about becoming the head of an eraser on a pencil, manufactured and mechanized within a factory. Amid the despair induced by his mutated, horrifying infant, he hallucinates a cheeky mushroom woman who serves as his dream manic pixie girl. In these sequences, one perceives thousands of sperm. In Twin Peaks: The Return, a character named Mr. C encounters someone called Philip Jeffries, who is no longer human but has become a strange bell-like machine. If one pauses, a radiator is visible in multiple scenes of Eraserhead. The dream manic pixie girl of Henry possesses a face resembling a mushroom or the structure of a bomb.

We have already addressed the Hiroshima bomb event and its connection to chaos in Twin Peaks: The Return, Episode 8, where that detonation evidently represents Judy. Does this imply that the dream manic pixie girl is Judy? Recall that it is the same Philip Jeffries who cautions that we shall not discuss Judy and must keep her absent. In the third season, he transforms into this teapot-like, almost tomb-like machine a time travel device, in fact which emits an "om"-like sound when listened to attentively. This electromagnetic occultism was first explored by David Lynch in his unfinished project Ronnie Rocket. I recently reviewed the screenplay of Ronnie Rocket, which references the Sirius constellation at one point as the center of gravity for the industrial fantasy world of that narrative. Does this indicate a connection to Sirius, to the goddess Kali who dances upon a lily pad at the conclusion of Ronnie Rocket? And does the unconscious mind of David Lynch perceive her as Marilyn Monroe to stage a production titled Goddess? The project is cancelled, and Lynch subsequently employs the Monroe persona to portray Laura Palmer in Twin Peaks—a character already deceased. Laura and Cooper ultimately lead us to the Black Lodge and the entire electromagnetic scenario involving Judy upon the arrival of Philip Jeffries, who becomes a machine in the third season. Through our conspiratorial lens, we discern that Judy may also be the dream manic pixie girl in Eraserhead. She connects to the number 8, just as my character Dorcy, who is associated with the number 8, unintentionally assumes a Judy-like role in this story and maintains a connection to Sirius transmission. Sirius relates to VALIS in the works of Philip K. Dick, and even Robert Anton Wilson claimed contact from Eris.

If one observes closely, these horizontal lines combined with the magnet resemble the tilak marking upon Lord Shiva's forehead. Lord Shiva, the deity of destruction and consort of Parvati—does it not seem curious that in Twin Peaks: The Return, Philip Jeffries' teapot machine bears structural similarity to the Shiva lingam, which Hindus traditionally venerate? It produces an Aum-like resonance, features three horizontal lines and vertical spikes atop its form, and a radiator flickers on screen as the enraged Mr. C inquires about Judy: flick, flick, flick, flick...

The mark of Shiva, known as the tilaka, is called Tripundra. This is hardly surprising, as we have observed in other artworks how Nadiusha depicts symbols and even herself in forms identical to mythical figures such as Hekate in LSD-25, or Nuha, or even Babylon in Prayer for Hope

In the climax of the Ronnie Rocket screenplay, a blue goddess with four arms similarly dances upon a lily pad, bearing resemblance to the Hindu goddess of chaos, Kali—the ultimate punk goddess, avatar of Parvati, and consort of Shiva.

(And let us not forget that Nadiusha herself practiced chaos magick and regarded herself as a chaos deity.)

LaughLaughLaugh with Mr Frog

Why did the elephant sit on the marshmallow? Because he didn't want to fall into the cup of hot chocolate.

Mr. Spock, a rabbit, and a corn stalk walk into a bar.
The bartender asks, "You guys want to hear a joke?" They replied, "We're all ears".

I sleep very late. I commit suicide 65% of the time. My life is very cheap, for me it is only 30% of life... This 5% is called Dada

After a time they saw some land at a distance; and when they came to it, they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that, it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses with a great Gulf-stream running about all over it, so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, 503 feet high.

A knight whose horse goes lame begs a stable keeper for a replacement, but the keeper only has an enormous, filthy dog. When the desperate knight says, "I'll take it. Where is the saddle?", the keeper refuses with the bizarrely anticlimactic pun: "I wouldn't send a knight out on a dog like this"

Do you know why lakshmi sleeps on a lotus blossom, Shiva sleeps on a freezing hill of snow, and Vishnu sleeps on a sea of milk? Why? Because they are afraid of bed bugs!

A balanced radio will stand on the window ledge so you can receive a decent signal, whilst an unbalanced radio will fall off

A dog on crutches walks into a bar in the Wild West and says, "I'm looking for the man who shot my paw"

The Carrier Pigeon Fortune Interviewer: "Sir, you have amassed a considerable fortune over a lifetime. How did you make your money?" Millionaire: "I made it all in the carrier pigeon business." Interviewer: "Carrier pigeons! That's fascinating. How many did you sell?" Millionaire: "I only sold one but he kept coming back.

Mike and Pat were talking when a fly landed on Pat's nose. Mike identified it as a horse-fly, explaining it is "a fly that lights on a horse's neck". Indignant, Pat asked, "You don't mean to say O'im a horse's neck, do you, you dirty blaggard?". Mike replied, "No, Pat, but you can't fool a fly"

What do you call a dog magician? A labracadabrador

ER - 3 - 2809

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

1953

MEMORANDUM TO: Director, Psychological Strategy Board

SUBJECT: Flying Saucers

1. I am today transmitting to the National Security Council a proposal (TAB A) in which it is concluded that the problems connected with unidentified flying objects appear to have implications for psychological warfare as well as for intelligence and operations.

2. The background for this view is presented in some detail in TAB B.

3. I suggest that we discuss at an early board meeting the possible offensive or defensive utilization of these phenomena for psychological warfare purposes.

Walter B. Smith
Director

Enclosure

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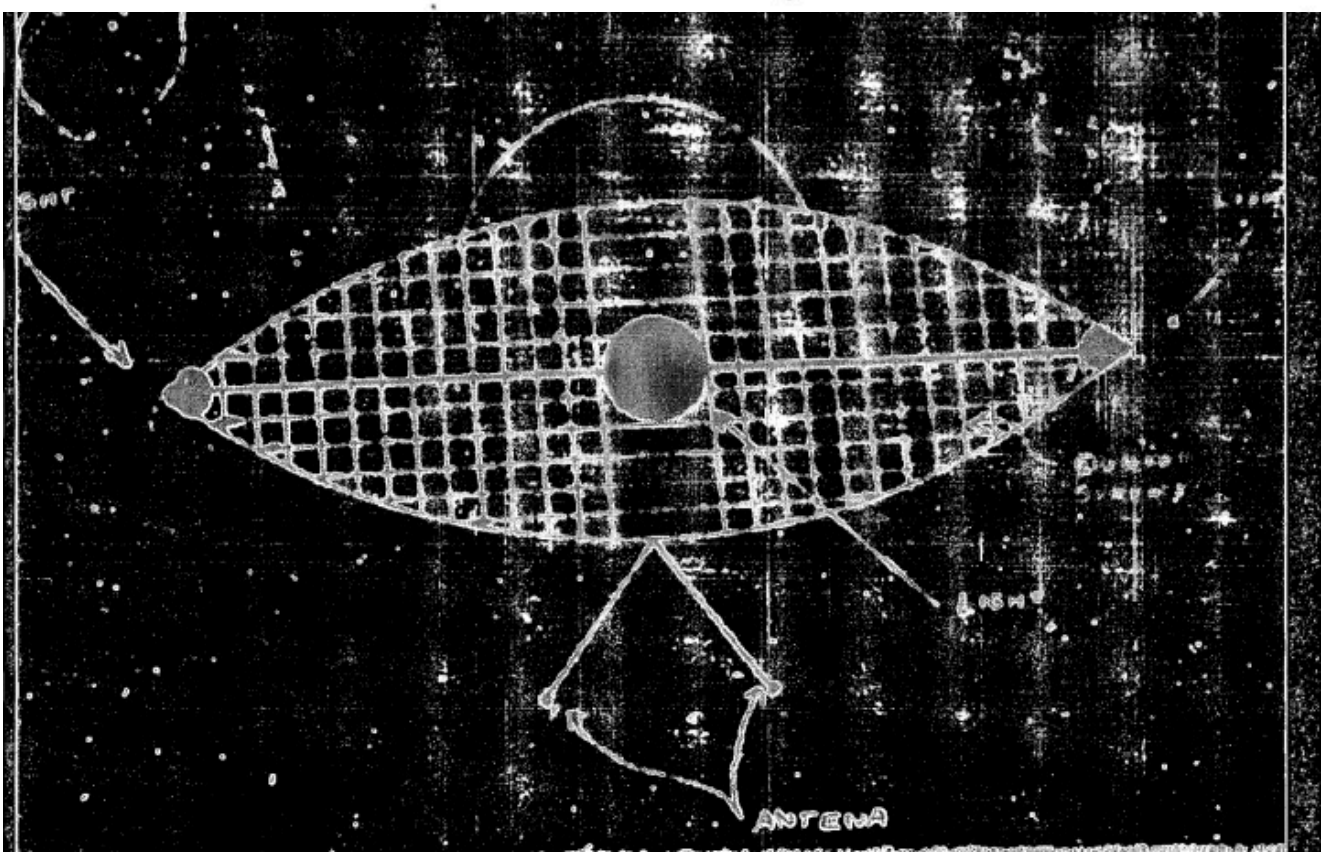

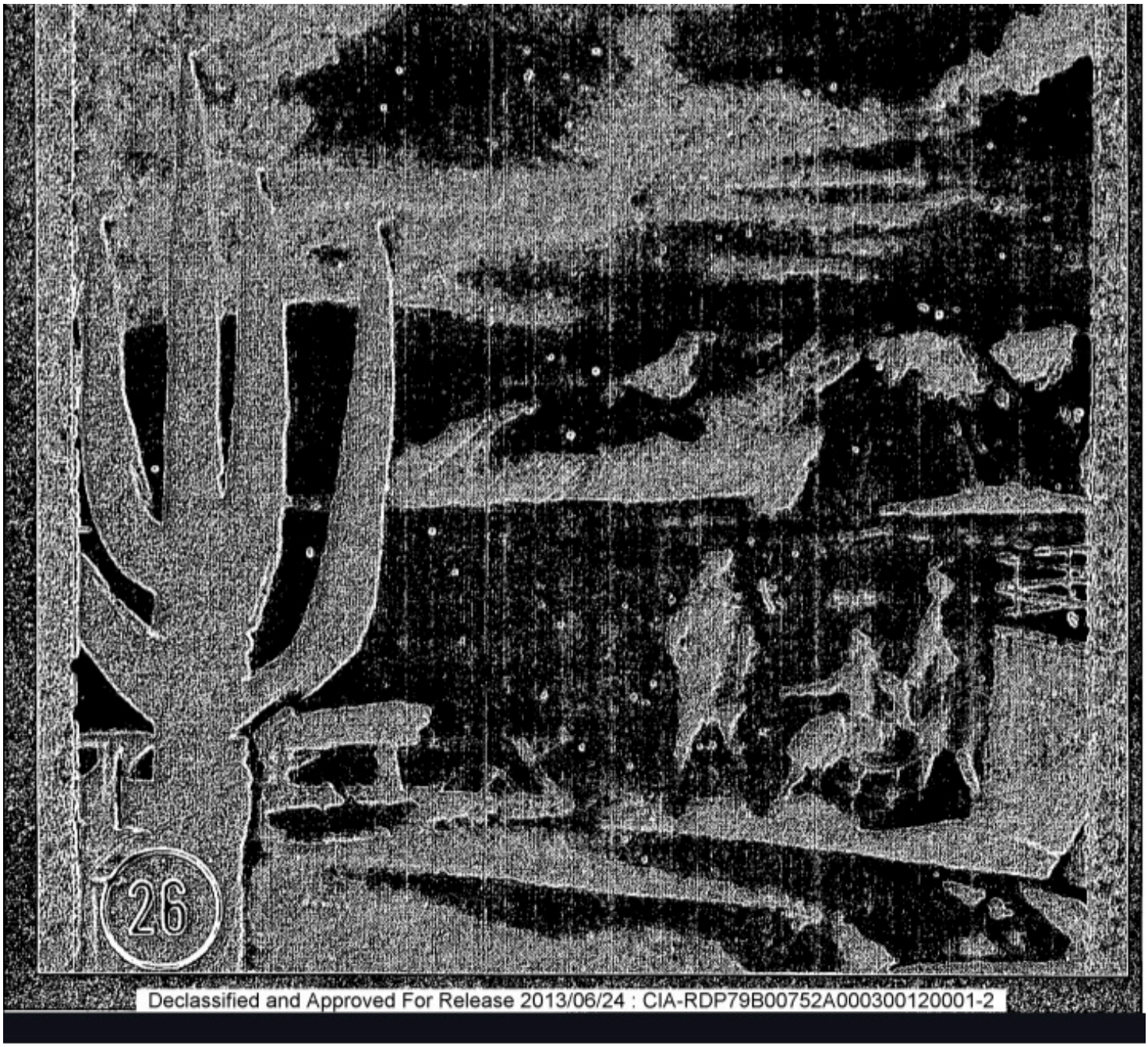

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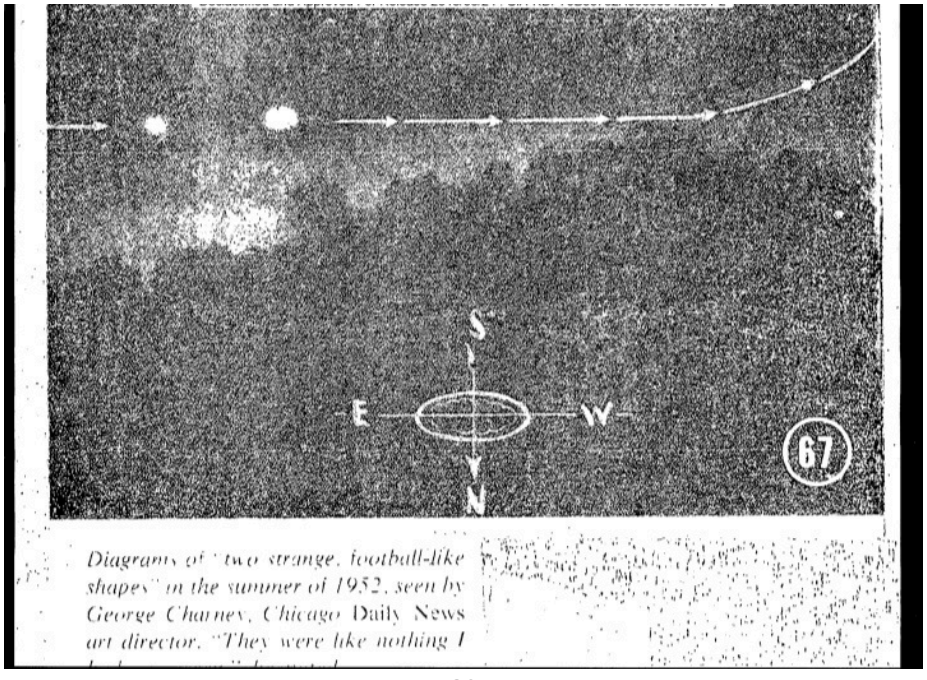

Diagrams of "two strange, football-like shapes" in the summer of 1952, seen by George Charney, Chicago Daily News art director. "They were like nothing I

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the doughnut-shaped Flying Saucers seen over Washington, D. C.

ge unidentified objects seen
e sky over Helsinki, Finland,
in September, 1954, and
shed in the Helsingin Sano-
Unless the lower object is
type of weather balloon, it
remarkable similarity to

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Approved For Release 2001/04/02 : CIA-RDP81R00560R000100010001-0

MAJOR WILLIAM D. LEET
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE
Reserve
Rt. 1, Lexington, Ky.

MAR 27 1958
RHC
Sent Sit Rep 2

11 March 1958

Major Donald E. Keyhoe, Director
National Investigating Committee
on Aerial Phenomena
Washington, D. C.

Dear Major Keyhoe:

Long before your book, "Flying Saucers Are Real", was published, my B-17 and my crew and I were kept company by a "Foo Fighter", a small amber disc, all the way from Klagenfurt, Austria to the Adriatic Sea. This occurred on a "lone wolf" mission at night, as I recall, in December, 1944 in the 15th Air Force, 5th Wing, 2nd Bomb Group. The intelligence officer who debriefed us stated that it was a new German fighter but could not explain why it did not fire at us or, if it was reporting our heading, altitude and airspeed, why we did not receive anti-aircraft fire.

On about 13 October 1952, while I was copilot on a C-54 Troop Carrier mission out of Tachikawa and heading South toward Oshima at dusk, I noticed in the strato-cumulus formation Westward what appeared to be a perfectly round cloud. After watching it for about a minute, and deciding it wasn't a cloud, I called it to the attention of the pilot and engineer. The pilot was intent upon his flight plan but the engineer got several good glimpses of the object. Seven minutes after I first saw it, it took an elliptical shape and sped off to the West, disappearing within a few seconds, toward Mount Fuji.

While atationed at McClellan AFB near Sacramento, California from July, 1955 to December, 1957, I noticed a tremendous number of luminous blue-green objects transcending the sky from horizon to horizon in an instant. On an AOC mission one night off the California Coast I had the radio operator report such an observation. He, and a day or two later one of our intelligence offficers, told me that the same object was reported by an airline pilot.

As a crusader for truth I believe that I understand the difficulties under which you and your associates labor, and I would like to offer my services. I am coming to Washington soon for an appointment with Senator Cooper and if it is not inconvenient would like an appointment with ybu. I am enclosing a copy of Form 57 for your information.

Sincerely,

William D. Leet

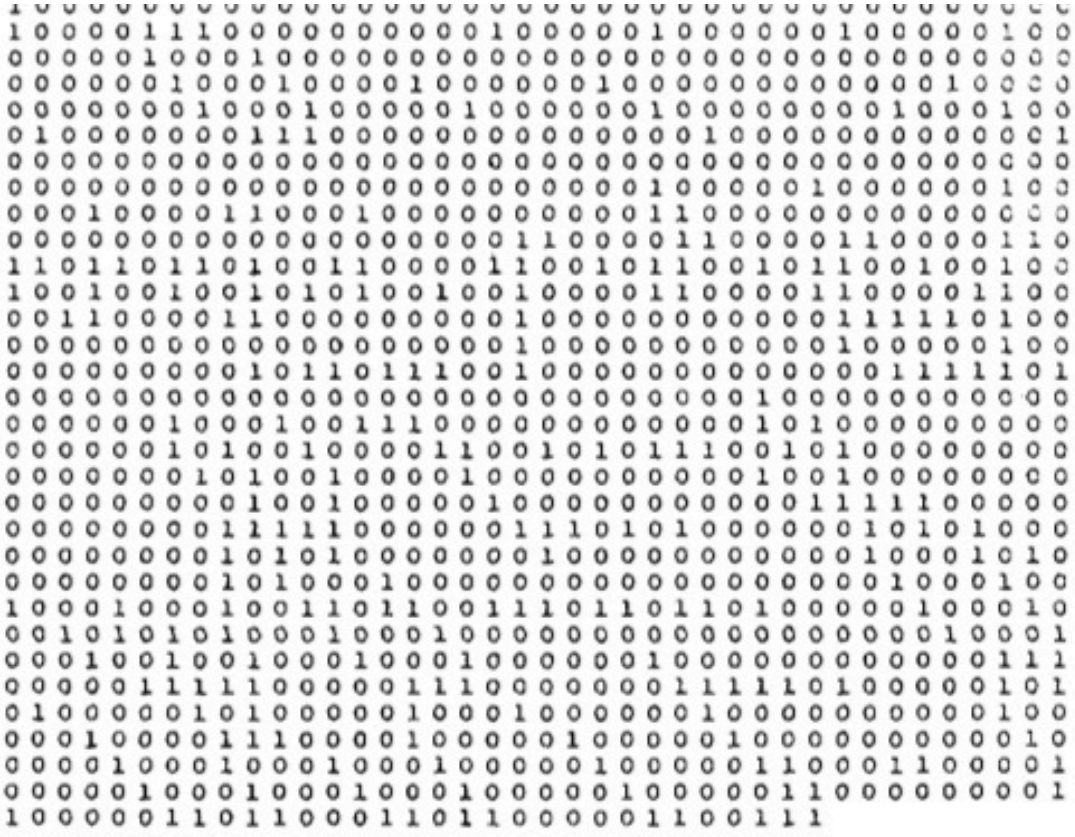

Fig. 1.

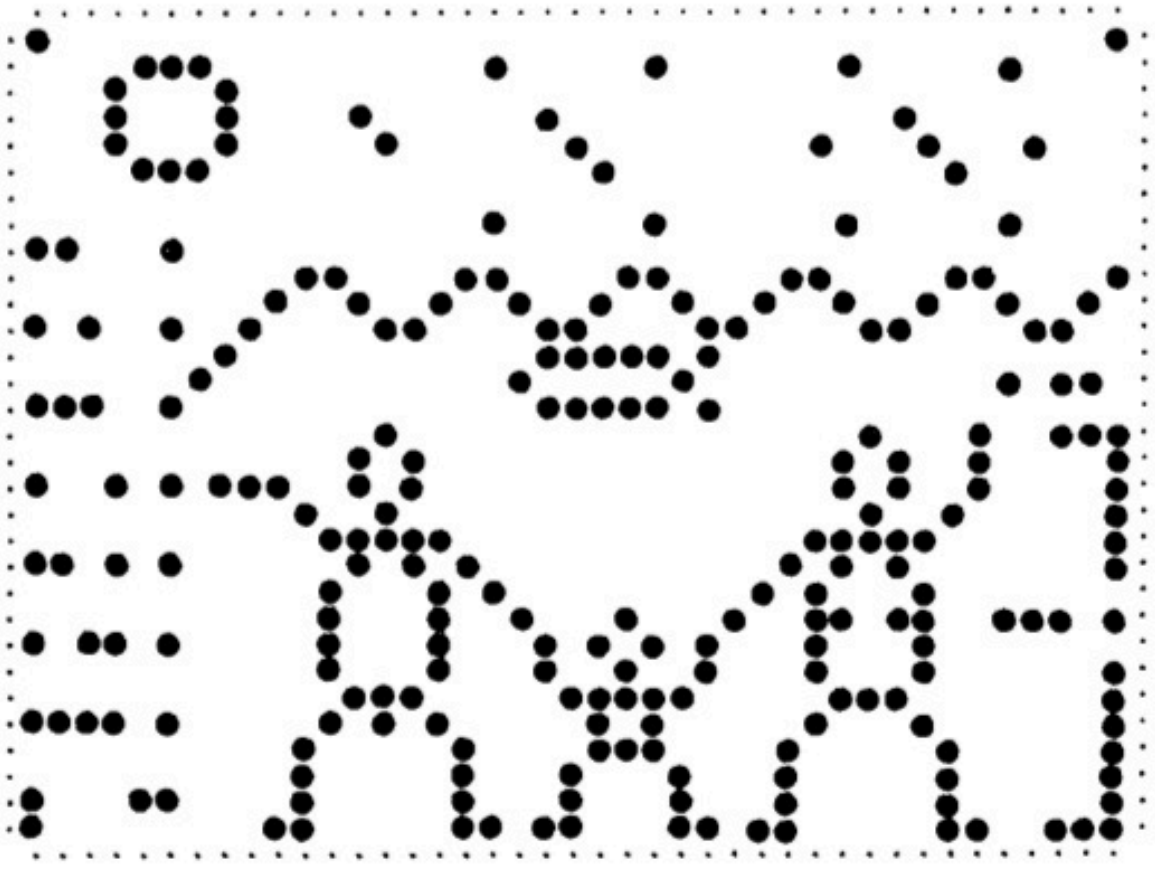

Fig. 2.

We are not alone in the universe. A few years ago, this notion seemed farfetched; today, the existence of extraterrestrial intelligence is taken for granted by most scientists. Sir Bernard Lovell, one of the world's leading radio astronomers, has calculated that, even allowing for a margin of error of 5000%, there must be in our own galaxy about 100 million stars which have planets of the right chemistry, dimensions, and temperature to support organic evolution. If we consider that our own galaxy, the Milky Way, is but one of at least a billion other galaxies similar to ours in the observable universe, the number of stars that could support some form of life is, to reach for a word, astronomical. As to advanced (by miserable earth standards) forms of life, Dr. Frank D. Drake of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia, has stated that, putting all our knowledge together, the number of civilizations which could have arisen by now is about one billion. The next question is, "Where *is* everybody?"

The nearest neighbor to our solar system is Alpha Centauri, only 4.3 light years away; but, according to Dr. Su-Shu Huang of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, its planetary system is probably too young for the emergence of life. Two other heavenly friends, Epsilon Eridani and Tau Ceti, about 11 light years away, are stronger contenders for harboring life. Nevertheless, if superior civilizations are abundant, the nearest would probably be at least 100 light years away; therefore, it would take 200 years for a reply to be forthcoming, a small matter of seven generations. This should, however, make little difference to us, in view of the enormous potential gain from our contact with a superior civilization. Unless we're terribly conceited (a very unscientific demeanor), we must assume that the "others" are far more advanced than we are. Even a 50-year gap would be tremendous; a 500-year gap staggers the imagination, and as

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[1] The substance of this article was presented at a panel discussion of the same title during the 1965 IEEE Conference on Military Electronics held in Washington, D. C., on 23 September 1965. Besides the author as cryptologist, the other members of the panel were Dr. Paul Garvin, linguist; Dr. John C. Lilly, delphinologist; Dr. William O. Davis, physicist; and Fr. Francis J. Heyden, S. J., astronomer. The moderator was Dr. Harold Wooster, Director of Information Services of the Air Force Office of Scientific Research.

for a 5000-year gap . . . (By the way, if they are as much as 50 years *behind* us, forget it!) It is quite possible that "others" have satellite probes in space, retransmitting to "them" anything that sounds non-random to the probe. But they have probably called us several thousand years ago, and are waiting for an answer; or worse yet, they have given up; or, more probably, they have reached such impressive technological advances that they have destroyed themselves.[2]

Epsilon Eridani and Tau Ceti were the targets on which Dr. Drake focussed his attention in the spring of 1960 in Project Ozma, an attempt to detect possible intelligent signals from outer space. The frequency selected for listening was 1420.405752 megacycles per second, or a wave length of 21 cm. This particular frequency, postulated independently by two professors on the faculty of Cornell University, Giuseppe Cocconi and Philip Morrison, happens to be the radiation frequency of atomic or free hydrogen which permeates space in great clouds; moreover, this frequency is within the range of radio frequencies able to pass through the earth's atmosphere. Presumably, the significance of this frequency would be known to other intelligent beings in the universe who understand radio theory. We're still talking about radio waves as the communication medium; other possible media might be masers, lasers, or the as yet undiscovered and unnamed "rasers." A technology superior to ours might even have learned how to modulate a beam of neutrinos (weightless, uncharged particles that physicists on earth find it difficult even to detect); if so, "they" may have to wait a century or two before we learn how to build a neutrino receiver.

If another civilization were trying to establish communication with us, it would first embark on attention-getting signals of such a nature that we could distinguish them from random cosmic noise; once we receive a recognizable signal, we have a good chance of understanding the message. For example, they could start with trains of signals corresponding to the natural numbers 1, 2, 3, . . . , followed perhaps by prime numbers. They might continue with equal-length extended signals consisting of start and stop impulses, with occasional pulses in

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[2] In this connection, Professor Iosif Shklovsky, Russia's greatest radio astronomer, has the following to say in the September 1965 issue of *Soviet Life:*

"Profound crises lie in wait for a developing civilization and one of them may well prove fatal. We are already familiar with several such critical [situations]:

(a) Self-destruction as a result of a thermonuclear catastrophe or some other discovery which may have unpredictable and uncontrollable consequences.

(b) Genetic danger.

(c) Overproduction of information.

between; when these signals are aligned flush over one another, they would show a circle, the Pythagorean Theorem, or similar geometric design. These attention-getting signals would be followed by early "language lessons," interspersed with items of technical information to help bring us up to the level of our superiors, "them."

It may be assumed that the sense of sight, or an equivalent, is possessed by all higher forms of life; the problems of communication could thus be greatly simplified through the medium of a "raster" representation such as that of a television screen. After a conference held at Green Bank in 1961 to discuss the possibility of communication with other planets, one of the participants, Bernard M. Oliver, made up a hypothetical message on the raster principle. The message, consisting of 1271 binary digits or "bits," is shown in Fig. 1. Since 1271 has but two prime factors, 31 and 41, we would naturally be led to write out the message in raster form, in 41 lines of 31 bits each, or in 31 lines of 41 bits each; the latter case reveals a greater nonrandomness in the patterns disclosed, indicating that these are the correct dimensions. In Fig. 2 is the write-out of the message, in which the binary 1's have been replaced by a dot and the 0's left as blank spaces. Now for its interpretation.

There are dots at the four corners of the pictogram as reference points, marking the outlines of the rectangle. At the upper left is a representation of the sun; directly underneath in a column are dots representing 8 planets, identified by the appropriate binary coding to their left, preceded by a binary point as a marker. The erect, two-legged beings illustrated are obviously bisexual and mammalian; one hand of the male figure points to the fourth planet where they apparently reside. At the top of the pictogram may be seen representations of hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen atoms, indicating that the chemical structure of life on their planet is similar to ours. From the third planet there emerges a wavy line, showing that it is covered with water; the representation of a fish shows that they must have visited us and therefore have space travel. One hand of the female figure points to a six (preceded by the usual binary point), perhaps implying that there are six fingers on each hand; we could therefore assume that their number system is probably to the base 12. At the right of the female figure may be seen a bracket, in the middle of which is eleven in binary form (preceded by a binary point): this implies that the beings are 11 units high. A reasonable interpretation is that the unit is 21 cm., the wave length of the transmission, making them about 7½ feet tall, which should be all right for average Martians.

In 1952 the British mathematician Lancelot Hogben delivered an address before the British Interplanetary Society entitled "Astraglossa, or First Steps in Celestial Syntax." Hogben pointed out that *number*

PSYCHEDELIA JUNKBOX #3

I awoke in a new place, at a different time. It was a tranquil morning, but it lacked the familiar content that fueled my desires. The house around me felt almost sacred, like a royal temple.
She returned, bearing an assortment of items – cough syrup, Viagra, green codeine capsules, toilet paper, and a peculiar lubricant. This lubricant was crafted from a bizarre source – a mixture of human urine and semen. The ingredients were scavenged from hospital waste products and collected from patients with various conditions, making its production a macabre process.
The lubricant presented by her is an unsettling creation born from the unusual gathering of human urine and semen, collected from specific sources. These bodily fluids are procured in a rather disturbing manner. Some semen, often donated or discarded, is deemed unsuitable for traditional purposes. Likewise, the urine collected stems from patients with certain medical conditions, such as hemorrhages, testicular cancer, or kidney failure. These fluids are typically destined for disposal, ending up in dustbins near the back of hospitals.
Our Satanic group, the unicellular bacteria pneumonia clan, seizes upon this macabre opportunity. They gather these discarded fluids and blend them together, combining equal quantities of urine and semen. What follows is a multi-step sewage treatment process:

1. Primary Treatment: This stage focuses on the removal of organic dissolved waste materials in the human excreta and semen, providing the initial purification.
2. Secondary Treatment: Utilizing biochemical oxygen demand (BOD) methods, this phase employs an aeration tank to promote the formation of bacterial flocs with the help of fresh air. This step effectively deals with organic contaminants.
3. Tertiary Treatment: In the final treatment phase, the processed mixture undergoes ultraviolet (UV) radiation and chlorination.

This ensures the removal of remaining impurities, resulting in the peculiar lubricant.
The end product, bearing an unsettling origin, is now fit for distribution and consumption. This eerie creation exemplifies the lengths to which the group will go in pursuit of their multinational ventures. It is within this context that they, in a rather twisted manner, participate in the production of pornographic content using homemade phalluses made from various unconventional materials.

This is a bizarre yet integral facet of their peculiar operations.
She represented these unsettling items on a silver plate, offering them to me with an unsettling question. My response was swift and absolute, “No, not at all.”
Her enchanting demeanor was beyond captivating. Adorned in a vanilla light brown crop top with a shawl collar, she was a vision with her flowing black hair and a metallic chain adorned with millions of coccus-shaped diamonds. Her outfit was a carefully chosen ensemble, accentuated by the classic flower pattern skirt tucked gracefully inside the crop top, colored in a vibrant shade of orange.
Analyzing her facial structure revealed an intriguing blend: a 27% heart-shaped face, a 55% square structure, and an 18% roundness. Her jawline, sharp and distinct, accounted for 77% of her facial composition. In summary, she possessed a doll-like visage, surpassing Barbie herself. It would be a casting coup if the director of the Seven Itch movie considered replacing Marilyn Monroe with the he.
My chances of survival, which had been teetering precariously, remained at a mere 1.2%. Amidst this captivating presence, She inquired about my desires, specifically regarding “minimal drugs.” I responded firmly, “I need nothing. I reiterate, I need nothing.” Her understanding nod was followed by a simple “okay.” She then placed the plate on the bed where I was reclined.

It occurred to me that the bed was adorned with the same red metallic devil carpet.
I couldn't resist a jest as I turned to her, "So, I suppose this is your house, right, you witch?" Her response was nothing short of enigmatic. She smiled, laughed, and casually replied, "No, this is our house."
My inner monologue pleaded desperately for silence, but Dorcy left the room regardless.
Tuk, Tuk, Tuk, Tuk…
These parasites infiltrated her medulla oblongata, sealing her fate as an infant. The church fathers regarded her passing as a blessing, for she was the avatar of Asmodeus, though her father grieved deeply.
Daimon's perseverance, guided by the influence of a book called the **Codex Gigas** and his reverence for Baphomet, culminated in a secret triumph. He overcame infertility to father two children in 2001. The girl who had tragically perished in 1984 had returned, reborn as the Witch of Darkness, Asmodeus, or as we fondly see By her side stood Oliver, an ally of Satan.
Yes, I am that Satan.
These two individuals are the official avatars of demons and witches in human form. When one avatar of a demon or witch recognizes another, an ancient, unbreakable connection binds them through lifetimes. I, too, share this profound connection with she and my friend. We live together, die together, and shall be consumed together in the fiery rivers of hell.

We are interconnected through the ages, much like water and the fish that reside within, his existence intricately entwined with my own, vital for both his survival and my journey.
We tried to flee, but the colossal sperm serpent projected a milky fluid explosion containing poison. It's something that happens when he orgasms. Don't be confused by the yellow and white colors; the point of an orgasm is not to hold back but to let go and relax.
"Everything in this nightmare revolves around that relentless witch. I find myself once again in the familiar room in Malaysia, the same bed, the same dining table where she planted a kiss on my trembling lips. The room is eerily empty. With a hint of desperation, I notice a telephone resting near the dining table. Unsure if it would actually work, I reach for it.
Spider silk, like a radioactive spider's web, sticks to my hand. I dial the number 000 6724 8894 and listen to it ring.
Ringing... Ringing...
It's her, she's got me. "Yeah, yeah, it's me," I reply, my voice trembling. "I need to tell you something important. Dorothy, I'm not okay. I've been kidnapped by a witch in Malaysia. They're planning to sell me, Dorothy. There's a witch, a very bad one. She could kill me. Please save me. I'm desperate."
As I speak, I find myself both crying and laughing. It's as though the emotional turbulence has broken free. Dorothy listens carefully, a comforting presence.
"Relax," she reassures me before taking the phone gently from my hand. Dialing, she says, "Hello."
Dorothy's voice filters through, asking, "What's going on with Alex, ma'am?"
Haunted by memories of that sperm legend serpent, I long for its presence, for it is the only salvation I crave. But no one answers. Defeated, I return the phone to its place.
Suddenly, the telephone rings again. This time, I'm torn between answering and ignoring it. Eventually, I muster the courage and pick up.
"Hello, is this Dorothy?" I inquire.
Her voice, steady and enigmatic, answers, "He'll be fine," and she hangs up.
The strange connection between Dorothy and her perplexes me. Is it my mind playing tricks on me? Is it the lingering fear from my sperm legend serpent encounter or something else altogether? The puzzling pieces of this bizarre puzzle leave me bewildered.

She embraces me so tightly that it feels like she's inhaling my fears, and then exhales them as she takes a drag of her cigarette. A cloud of red fog, just like in my strange dreams. My fingers grip her arms as I confront her, "Your main intention is to kill me, right? But I don't fear you. Do your worst, sue me!" I scream defiantly.

She murmurs softly in my ear, "Everything will be fine," and our lips meet once more.

She calls out to me urgently, "Come on, Alex, we have to go." I'm weary, and I've shed most of my fear for them. It dawns on me that if you live in perpetual fear of everyone around you, you become nothing more than the result of a chemical reaction within your spermatic cord. You become a mere cog in the machine, pushing levers, pressing buttons, and being an infant cradled in the hands of your mother, who nurtures you with love.

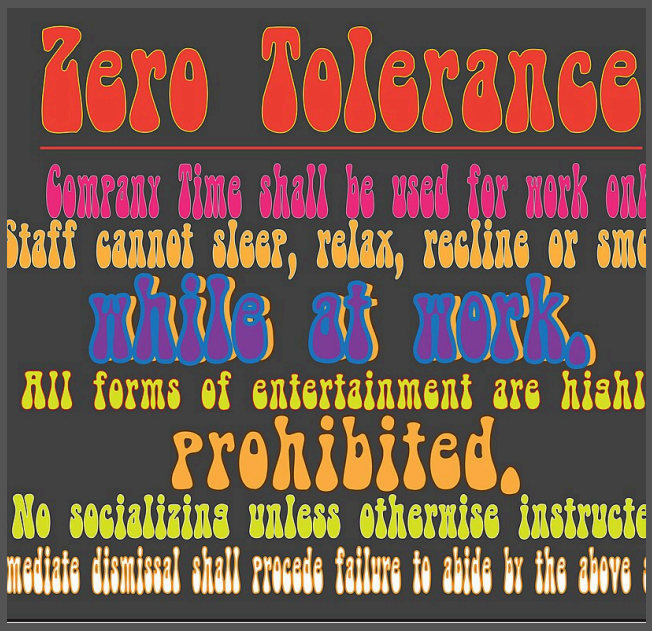
As time passes, you evolve from an infant into a teenager, you study, graduate, become a doctor, engineer, construct houses, and even build lives. Yet, beneath it all, you remain identical to many others – nothing particularly unique. If your life is already predefined, constructed, and your path carved by someone else, you're nothing more than a puppet enslaved by addiction. This is the essence of self-construction equating to self-destruction. You become ensnared in the illusion of self-improvement while it's merely a mechanism to feed your inner void with fleeting self-comfort. But you must act; you are not your job, car, or house. Reject materialistic desires, because in the grand scheme, they're worth nothing.

She interrupts my contemplation, saying, "The castration program is under evaluation, Alex. We must leave." Everything here is revolting, and both of them give me disapproving looks. I respond, "I don't understand."

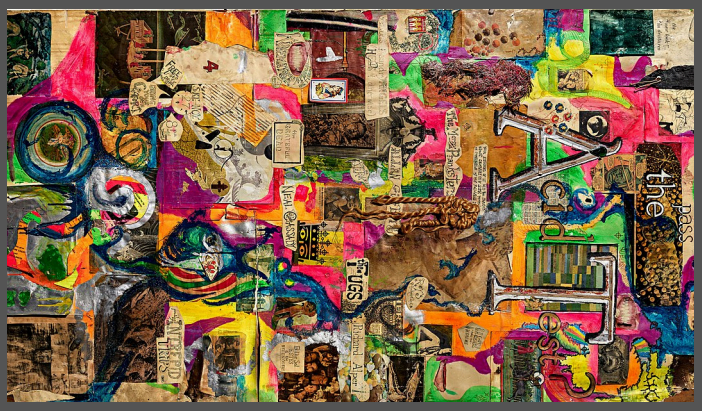
She proceeds to elucidate the castration program, an initiative our group of pneumonia Streptococcus Satans executed. It was designed to address an issue in Hong Kong. Castration, a taboo topic, was employed for a unique purpose. The program targeted Greek males enduring racial discrimination. Now I comprehend what you might be thinking about our group, the emasculation of males by removing their genital organs. But, no, our group, "Trinity Episcopal," is committed to promoting masculinity in a genuine sense.

We conduct what can accurately be termed "virtual castration." Our aim is not to harm or destroy, but rather to help individuals regain their true selves.

We seek out young men who may be struggling with societal expectations and the materialistic desires that entangle them. Everyone deserves a life of independence rather than succumbing to a cycle of pornography, quick self-indulgence, and gender confusion – a state known as Body Dysmorphia.
Now, the twist comes in – if a male attempts to betray our group, engaging in blackmail as Hado once did, and escapes from us, we employ Valerian root and spiritual energy balls to strip them of their masculinity.
Our intent is to endow them with the freedom they may have longed for but lost along the way, freeing them from the misplaced influences of materialism and societal pressure. This is our response, born out of necessity to safeguard our unique mission. I'm in a suffocating tunnel, and She opens the gate, revealing a hidden, catastrophic room with pulsating red lights. It feels like a hospital and asylum, but it's deserted. No doctors, no facilities just surgery equipment and abandoned patients. Confusion sets in, and I spot cameras recording the patients.


Zero Tolerance
Company Time shall be used for work onl
Staff cannot sleep, relax, recline or sme
while at work.
All forms of entertainment are highl
prohibited.
No socializing unless otherwise instructe
mediate dismissal shall procede failure to abide by the above

I wonder where these recordings go, but she explains they're uploaded to a dark web live cam website, bambooonion.xyz.onion, catering



to psychopathic viewers.
For a command, a Bitcoin cash transaction is necessary.
The owners of fashion.com, MindGreeks.com, and the sex industries fuck them—may be more intelligent than you'd imagine. They lure you in, enticing you to fill out a PDF, sign an electronic contract, and sell your soul to demons. You become addicted to masturbation because, in this world, self-improvement is masturbation. You succumb to body dysmorphia, and in this realm, very few understand this, but we, our pneumonia group, do.

With the misanthrope

It was 2024 when I encountered a misanthropic Angel, if angel fits the angle.

“Nonsense,” she responded. “The human brain is capable of generating nonsense random noise based on incomplete thoughts.”

I felt like saying incomplete thoughts have meanings too, but something stopped me.

“What do you dream about often? Do you have any recurring dreams?” I asked.

told me that a few nights ago, she realized she had no memories. I could imagine her in one place and then another, and she thought, This isn’t right. She blinked and blacked out. I’m dreaming, she suddenly realized.

“I don’t remember any more details,” Misa texted.

“You should keep a journal of your dreams,” I suggested.

Suddenly, she noticed that I had questioned her in our old interview before, some old symbols she had been ignoring. She read them immediately and responded to my text about the black duck, cat, and rabbit:

"That’s beautiful. I haven’t known any ducks yet.”

I chuckled.

“Well, that duck was hella scary. Not scary, but bad I mean scary. Whatever. And I haven’t known any does yet.”

“I’ve met many people, intelligent and self-aware, with some degree of depersonalization, but I’ve only met one who I’d say is the same variety as me.”

“It was that black cat right? I mean, what's her name? Vicky? Right?” I asked.

“No, it wasn’t,” she added unexpectedly.

I raised my eyebrows.

“A different girl. Her name was Paisley. Vicky and I get along because we are different we complete each other.”

I asked her to tell me more about Paisley.

She said they had a lot in common, that she was the white rabbit something very beautiful, pure, and mystical.

“Metamorphosed out of the boy,” I added in between, interrupting her when I shouldn’t have.

Then she said Vicky was the black cat—beautiful but taboo, also mystical.

“And Paisley is your doe?” I asked.

“Something also beautiful. Animals are obviously beautiful, but she is beautiful in a natural sense.”

I asked her how many people had read her writing. She said a dozen, maybe she wasn’t counting. Hearing this actually broke me apart for a second because I thought I was the only one reading that text. But no, I wasn’t the only

one. As if reading my mind, Misa responded,
"But the new version has only been seen by you. Not a lot of changes, but still.”
Then she started talking about how she felt she had some overlap with schizophrenia because she saw patterns in everything.
I found it interesting and absurd at the same time because she had told me she had a poor memory. That contradiction made me question her contemplation, and the statement itself became a pattern for me.
“It’s called apophenia,” I told her, mentioning Hailey , the therapist who once said I had early symptoms of schizophrenia and apophenia.
She ignored my text.
“Am I asking too much?” I asked.
“No. Your reactions feel different. I haven’t seen them before.”
“You can pick that up, right?”
“I’m not benevolent. I can’t be. My name is The Misanthrope, and it’s ironic because I’m not actually one. I don’t hate humanity. I’m just disconnected, and I see its flaws. So when I say ‘society this, society that,’ it's not me jacking off about how special I think I am it’s like I’m an alien observing them.”
I couldn’t stop myself from thinking she might be a character straight out of a Franz Kafka novel.
“Alienation. Like a mere observer,” I added simply.
“When I wrote that, I was in the middle of a months-long dissociative episode that has since ended. And while I wanted to die, it was also a lot easier to write. I feel cloudy now.”
“You write beautifully. It was lovely,” I replied.
”Thank you, Para,” she responded.
They called me para before.
Now you my friend, know me as Mr frog!
“You are whatever you want to be,” Misa said to me.
“Really?” I asked.
She nodded.
Then she said she had killed her ego the boy who was unlike her.
“It’s the part of your brain that takes over social interactions. I have a new one now a new personality.”
“Ego dissolution. Yeah, it’s almost like a metaphysical change in you.”
“But back then, I killed the old one consciously. And how thorough it was, I cannot say, but I know I wanted to change, and I did.”
“You did.”

“And though my psychological nature is the same, I altered the smaller bits how I talk, how I look, how I feel.”

I asked her how she would react if her older self found her. She said she would probably think she was weird.

She then started talking about her therapist, telling me how she was always bored and unmotivated and was also gaining weight. So she switched to Prozac.

“Can I imagine a version of myself that’s okay? Naturally driven? Content in silence?”

“Sure.”

“We’ll see, I guess.”

Misa then said she tells people about her flaws and insecurities, and they always say she’s beautiful.

Life is short.

“I never say anything about myself to anyone. I form fictional stories to express myself—that’s it.”

“You can tell me, if you like.”

“I probably want to listen more.”

“It’s lonely,” she said.

“But it’s pretty,” I replied.

”Die standing rather than live kneeling. But I don’t judge those who do.”

She told me her girl, Paisley, was the real misanthrope.

”She told me she is full of hatred, and I said, ‘I’ve never seen you angry.’ And she said, ‘You never give me a reason to be.’ Which sounds scary, but it’s a good thing. She is very soft. So she says she hates humanity how rotten they are. Which I don’t think, but I feel. And I say, ‘It’s pretty ironic, you’re misanthropic, and I’m not.’ But it’s just an emotion, so we both are."

“You both are.”,

“She’s my god. The most beautiful thing.”

I remembered in her writing she said angels don’t have a god. But I was willing to say nothing.

She said Paisley was sixteen, and she met her in a Discord server where Paisley was talking about hyperawareness how some people become enlightened through apathy. She thought it was special that someone else was on the same path as hers.

“Like hope,” I said.

“Yeah, so if I die, there will still be hope",

Here Comes The Sun & Khepri

I was in the grocery store asking for sweets. My cousins were there too. Because of them and all the talking, I somehow lost the sweets the shopkeeper had given me. I couldn't find them, and my cousins had already departed.

"Uncle, where are my sweets?" I asked.

The shopkeeper looked at me and said, "They must be there."

He came out from behind the counter, bent down, and began searching for sweets with me.

At that moment, a lady entered the store. She seemed to be in her 30s, and she was none other than the faceless lady.

"What will I do? I'm already late, and the sweets aren't anywhere to be found," I said to the uncle, pressing my fingers against my temple.

"No problem, I have a solution," he replied.

He made me sit down with the faceless lady and gave us two round plates. He filled her plate with a mixture of flakes and poured half of it onto mine.

"What are you doing?" I asked, perplexed. Suddenly, my craving for sweets shifted to this mixture. If I eat this here, I thought, how will I take it home?

I ignored my inner monologue and began eating. The faceless lady ate silently alongside me.

Out of the blue, the shopkeeper said, "Let's make this even better."

He poured water into our plates. I helped him filter it out, and the flakes turned golden. They were so golden that I could see my astrological placements reflected in them.

At some point, I don't remember how, I found myself watching a video. I was transported to another world, as if experiencing an out-of-body transition where my soul moved seamlessly from one thing to another.

In this otherworldly space, an astrologer was talking about my placements, but I couldn't remember the details. Suddenly, I was atop a large boat-like structure with my sister and a crowd of prisoners. These prisoners were eating in a canteen. Beneath the boat, a lake of water flowed. I could see prisoners crying and shouting for food.

Something strange was happening something involving pizza.

Out of nowhere, my sister jumped off the boat's edge into the river. I thought of jumping too. I carefully looked to my left and saw pillars and the boat's edge.

The water had risen significantly. I entered the water, walking cautiously along the edge.

That's when I saw a girl sitting on a floating rock in the river. She wore a yellow dress with other colorful patterns. Her black hair was familiar, and her face resembled of someone I knew although I wasn't sure. She looked at me and gestured.

I waded toward her, and she beckoned me to lean closer to her lips. I did as she asked. Then, I saw her clearly adistorted white face with large eyes, resembling peacock, smiling as she whispered:

"Wanna go with me?"

"What?" I asked quietly.

"Wanna go with me?" she repeated.

I was confused. I glanced back at the boat, thinking of returning, but before I could decide, she clutched my hand and stood up. I resolved to follow her, no matter where she took me.

Hand in hand, we started running against the river's flow, running faster and faster. Eventually, we reached a mansion across the river.

"Let's enter," she said.

"But what will we do there?" I asked.

She didn't respond.

For some reason, my mind told me she was interested in spending time with me in some intimate connection. Yet, suspicion lingered. She felt magical. The mansion's gate was closed, but she entered effortlessly. A part of me slipped away, like a shadow, and followed her inside.

What entered with her wasn't me but a shapeshifter—a shadow version of myself. The shadow and the girl stood facing each other, and that was the last vision I had of her.

I started banging on the door, yelling, "It isn't me!"

Suddenly, I saw a cop outside.

"Sir, a girl entered inside! Do something!" I shouted.

The cop looked at me lazily and said, "Uhh, I'd rather close this mansion. I don't want to take any risks."

"BUT WAIT!" I screamed.

He ignored me and locked the door with chains.

Determined, I gripped the chains with all my strength, tearing them apart with surprising ease. Like bent wires, I pushed them aside and entered the mansion.

The girl was gone. I realized the shadow must have killed her. Then, the shadow appeared before me, wearing a Spider-Man suit. I could see two grotesque buttocks protruding through the suit.

For some reason, I thought this shadow version of me had transformed into the girl. I gestured to him, but he remained silent.

Slowly, he began removing his clothes. What I saw underneath was horrifying.

His body was grotesque, covered in black and brown patches like a cockroach. He was short and fat, with a frog-like shape. His head was small and round like a beetle, attached to his thick neck. His enormous insect-like eyes bulged as he stared at me.

It was a human beetle!

Some calls it khepri in Egypt, the one you encounter in underworld.

I SCREAMED SO HARD.

The scream broke through my dream and echoed into reality as I tried to run away.

I once was alone, laid in the bed thinking of death
Nobody was diligence, Somebody had malfeance
And it was me!
Stuck in the Feline
Dying in the Timeline
I was watched by the Black feline.
So, I was spellbound by the feline when the black bell tolled.

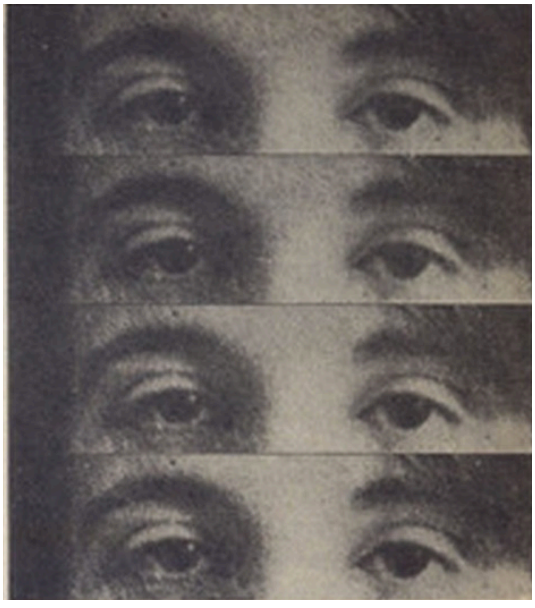
She whistles with her yellow bipsicles
She squeezes her tail
I tell her, I couldn't come
My pseudo meat couldn't burn
My meat was delicious, it is collapsed in blood
Bloodless and bleach is her demeanour I couldn't entail

She exited my molecules not to burn
Do it slowly, slowly! She yearn
So for the last time, She could look at my eyes
So for the last time, She could meow byes.
Material Sphere will reverberate so hard, as
My Meat will be vanished under the yard.
So I was spellbound by the feline when the black bell tolled.

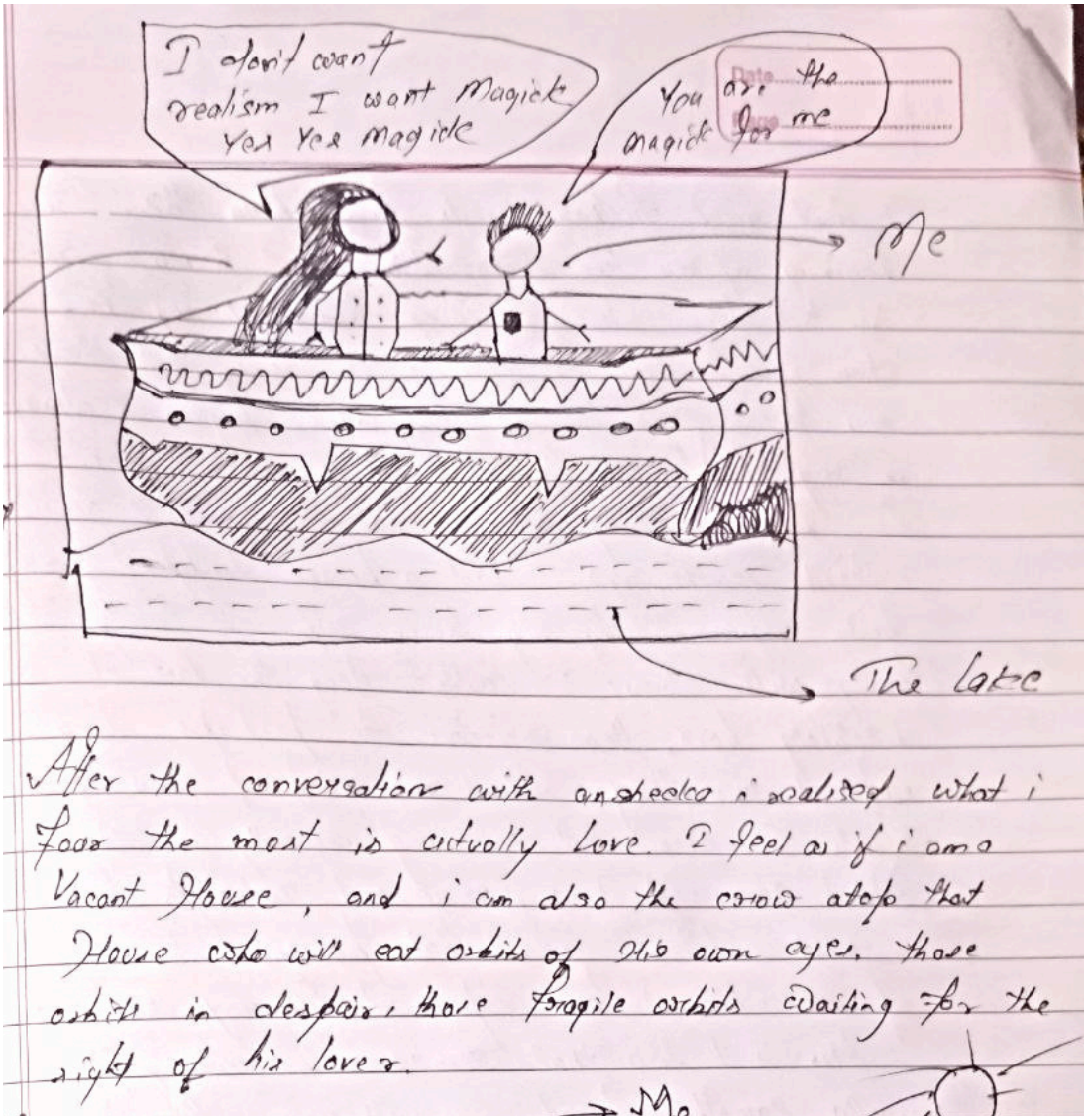
My animation was colourless like the baby universe,
She would like to Explode it, Simply like a Curse.
Wandering in the skies I was a cloud
I denied her motion Simply Aloud
But She says, She's a river
She says, She's a lake, hence She loves me in Every lake.

Ultimately the timeline spelled in cease
My meat was boiled
My flesh was Killed
But She says, She's a river
She says She's a lake, hence She loves me in Every lake
So I was spellbound by the feline, when the black bell tolled.

I also recall the supposedly jocular proposal made to a lady one day in my presence, that she bequeath to the Surrealist Central one of the astounding sky-blue gloves she had put on to visit us there, the fear that gripped me at seeing her acquiesce, and my beseeching her not to do anything of the kind. I don't know what I could have found at that moment so terrifyingly, so marvelously decisive about the thought of that glove leaving that hand forever. Even so, it did not take on its true, larger proportions, by which I mean the ones it still has, until the moment when that lady promised to return and place on the table, at the precise spot where I had ardently hoped she would not leave her blue glove, another glove made of bronze that she owns and that I've since seen at her home—also a woman's glove, folded at the wrist, its fingers flat; a glove that I've never been able to resist picking up, each time surprised by how heavy it is, and apparently wishing only to measure its exact weight at the spot where the other would have weighed nothing at all.



While scrolling through a newspaper, I came across a theory that claimed if the faceless lady from your dreams ever says, "Come with me forever," you will die in your dreams. Suddenly, I felt a wave of unease. What if this could happen in real life? I thought about death, its inevitability, and how, even though I desire a peaceful death, the thought of it terrifies me.



After the conversation with anabelle i realised what i fear the most is actually love. I feel as if i am a vacant House, and i am also the crow atop that House who will eat orbits of his own eyes. those orbits in despair, those fragile orbits waiting for the sight of his lover.

Tirich

The story is narrated in the first person by a teenager. It's about his dreams and his father. It resonated with me deeply.

The boy's father, a quiet man who chews tobacco, has an eccentric personality. The narrator is haunted by dreams of a strange, lizard-like creature called Tirich, which chases him relentlessly.

One day, the Tirich from his dreams bites his father in real life. Following superstitions, the father's friends advise killing the Tirich and flipping it over to survive the bite. Yet, one friend warns it might show its effects after 24 hours.

The father drinks a poisonous concoction of leaves, hoping to counteract the venom, and continues his journey to the city for his legal work. However, his bus gets lost, and he becomes thirsty and alone.

Unable to ask anyone for water, he's robbed at a bank. The venom begins affecting his mind. His clothes are torn, and people mistake him for a madman. In a market, he is stoned and tortured until he dies naked in the mud.

The father dies in the same forest where Tirich haunted the boy's dreams. After this, the boy never dreams of the Tirich again.

WARNING:- Spoilers Ahead By The way ;))

So I finally read the first volume of The Invisibles, Volume 1, and I have a lot to unpack about this comic book. This is about discord, chaos, and anarchy, and that's what we do. This is a story about a ritual, a chaos magick ritual, an intent where every form of art becomes a hypersigil. Sometimes we discover certain things deliberately, and sometimes certain things discover us. The Invisibles was something that found me, just like many other books and pieces of media. I learned about it while considering my own work as a form of sigil, and then I discovered there actually is a concept called the hypersigil. It comes from the famous comic book writer Grant Morrison, and he too created a work around it: his half-semi-autobiographical, half-sci-fi psychedelic thriller, The Invisibles! So why not give it a try?

Retrospectively, The Invisibles inspired many later media works such as The Matrix while also borrowing from many earlier ones, because the entire narrative was extremely trippy — at least not as trippy as The Illuminatus! Trilogy by Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea, but still undeniably trippy.

The main premise follows a secret cell of anarchist, magic-wielding vigilantes fighting interdimensional alien gods called Archons, beings who enslave humanity and metaphorically fuck us over of course, no surprise coming from the Archons. These are the same alien gods that were actively inducing neurotic stress in my brain a few days ago.
First, let's talk about the art style. Multiple artists worked on this comic book.

Not that it distracted me too much, but it definitely became problematic to follow the story at times. Some people dislike that, especially considering how much philosophical and horny rambling the comic is filled with again, not that it bothers me.
Seeing Ragged Robin and King Mob on the Volume One cover convinced me to give this a try, especially because it borrowed ideas from Robert Anton Wilson, Philip K. Dick, and others. I'm not sure whether it entirely pays off. The story. could have been

tighter, and there are many underdeveloped sections. Concepts are introduced abruptly if you are not already literate in the philosophies behind them, but discovering those references becomes an exciting task in itself. Ironically, that's also part of why the book still suffers in places.

The first issue, titled "Dead Beatles," immediately does something uncanny. The opening largely focuses on the character Dane, our initiation protagonist, who unlike the usual introspective or generic trope characters, is rebellious, completely punk, and genuinely doesn't give a fuck. Before reading this, I was simultaneously working on my own story involving the Egyptian beetle Khepri from Egyptian mythology, the deity guarding transformation and the underworld. Then I started the first issue of The Invisibles, and the first thing I encountered was Khepri alongside a Here Comes the Sun reference. The comic connected it to Aztec mythology and the idea that pop-cultural songs are loaded with hidden magick and secrets. It instantly reminded me of Under the Silver Lake, where Andrew Garfield's protagonist Sam transforms himself into a hard-boiled detective trying to decode the hidden meaning inside a song. Not that I was discovering this myself — Morrison already knew.

The issue also ties heavily into John Lennon and The Beatles through Stuart Sutcliffe leaving the band thirty years earlier. For some reason, Lennon begins acknowledging this strange figure named Jack Frost, someone he hallucinates almost like an alter ego. Remember, this comic came out in 1994.

We see Dane's rebellious nature lead him to burn down an entire school, eventually landing him in Harmony House, a brutal conformity center secretly functioning as an institution for the Archons of the Outer Church. He is brought there by Miss Dwyer, an important figure we later encounter in the finale. This entire sequence strongly evokes MKUltra, except the manipulators are not merely the CIA or the American government but literal Archons. The sequence also reminded me heavily of A Clockwork Orange and Alex's institutional conditioning. Dane's initiation truly begins only after he escapes and is rescued by King Mob. In the first issue we are mainly introduced to three major characters: Dane, King Mob, and Ragged Robin the character whose aesthetic appeal initially attracted me to this comic.

She plays with a green apple, and things become even stranger from there. She speaks about tarot cards, and we slowly learn more about her. She's a witch, but also something resembling a goddess. I don't know why, but after the earlier Khepri coincidence, the apple symbolism appeared too, because I had already included a green apple motif in one of my recent short stories dealing with chaos and Eris.

You probably won't believe me, and it may just be another synchronicity.

At this point, I was satisfied with the art, although the story already felt twisted from the beginning. This secret society narrative borrows meaning from so many traditions that you almost have to become an occult conspiracy messiah yourself just to process it. King Mob rescues Dane, Dane questions how it's possible, and King Mob tells him they had always been watching him oddly similar to **The Boys**, where Butcher initiates Hughie into the group dynamic.
The second issue expands on the character Tom, who probably receives greater significance in later volumes, since he mainly functions as a trickster psychopomp and guide for Dane throughout the second and third issues. I loved how Dane's initiation is not framed merely like a superhero awakening, but more as a precursor to what happened with **Philip K. Dick** and *VALIS*. Anyone familiar with *VALIS* will immediately notice the connection, which becomes even clearer later. Consciousness or in Jungian terms, the collective unconscious already contains abilities humanity cannot access because we remain trapped in lower neurological states. In Timothy Leary's language, we are stuck in the first and second neural circuits while the higher circuits remain dormant. Chapel Perilous, spiritual initiation, and meta-programming become methods of activating them. In the comic, the Archons are responsible for suppressing that evolution. Tom's role in helping Dane confront fear and trauma becomes fascinating from that perspective, because it allows him to glimpse bliss and experience what Tom calls "real magick."

Tom also became one of my favorite characters in the series. We are also introduced to Sir Miles, a terrific and somewhat classical antagonist. His character is genuinely compelling, though at certain points Morrison makes him irritating. Still, his connections to MKUltra and his role as a representative of the Archons make him memorable, almost like a proto-Homelander figure. Violence and bloodshed escalate rapidly after this.
We encounter Barbelith first as a symbol and word, then later as a star, satellite, and planetary intelligence perceived by Dane.
In the world of The Invisibles, every conspiracy is true much like in The *Illuminatus! Trilogy* and every character interprets reality through their own tunnel of perception, something equally true in the real world. Barbelith feels like the comic's version of VALIS: a cosmic transmission carrying **Sophia** and **gnosis**. Alien abductions and references to Sirius begin appearing everywhere, which becomes hilarious once you remember that both Philip K. Dick and Robert Anton Wilson believed they were receiving transmissions from Sirius-related intelligences. Morrison was obviously obsessed with both authors, so none of this surprised me. Just as VALIS became central to PKD and *Cosmic Trigger I: Final Secret of the Illuminati* became central to **Wilson**, The Invisibles functions similarly for Morrison himself.

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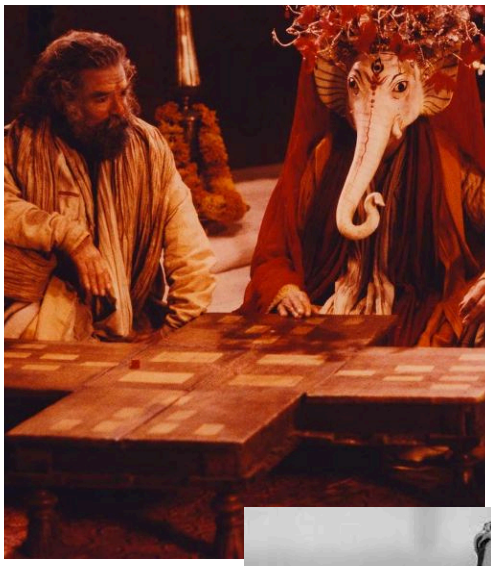
The third issue continues focusing on Tom and Dane. Tom guiding, testing, tormenting, and enlightening him through experiences that constantly blur the line between initiation, psychological torture, and gnosis. One should not underestimate the importance of these scenes, because they eventually become some of the most essential moments in the climax and probably connect directly to Dane's later transcendence into the ultimate Buddha figure Morrison keeps hinting at. What I appreciated most was how Tom gradually stopped feeling like a mere narrative device. He genuinely embodied that strange archetype of the psychopomp: half mentor, half parasite, half lunatic prophet.

He understood that human beings are fundamentally homeostatic creatures, terrified of rupture even when rupture is the only thing capable of transforming them. Ixat and Jack Frost become recurring mirrors for Dane, constantly forcing him toward the ugly truth: that existence itself is unstable, absurd, and fundamentally broken.

Dane's hallucinations "hallucinations" only according to our limited human vocabulary, because even colors themselves are merely wavelengths interpreted through fragile biological machinery — start intensifying. At the end of the day, reality itself is already a distortion. The external world beyond our senses may as well be monochrome static or mathematical abstraction. Morrison repeatedly pushes this idea through Barbelith, the giant red sphere appearing before Dane and several other characters like some benevolent extraterrestrial intelligence. Honestly, the pink beam absolutely fried Morrison's brain, and now it's slowly frying mine too. Rex Mundi dominates the atmosphere inside Harmony House, while references to Nineteen Eighty-Four and occult symbolism saturate nearly every conversation.



The way Morrison litters symbols through dialogue reminded me strangely of how I embed **Nadyusha's artworks** and motifs throughout my own stories. If someone carefully traces the patterns afterward, they begin appearing disturbingly sophisticated, almost as though the narrative itself becomes self-aware through repetition.

The fifth issue apropriately enough, considering the number five's connection to chaos magick opens with a performance of the *Mahabharata* and discussions of the Dalang, the Indonesian puppet master who controls not only puppets but archetypes themselves. Instead of cameras or pens, he manipulates strings, dolls, voices, and myths. Morrison repeatedly folds Hindu symbolism into the narrative. I counted at least five major references: the Mahabharata sequence, discussions surrounding Ganesha, references to Kali, King Mob's past experiences in India, and finally the tantric sex-magick ritual clearly inspired by the same occult-sexual fascinations that obsessed **Aleister Crowley** and later fascinated **Timothy Leary**.

King Mob discusses the number nine, claiming it belongs to **Ganesha**, which amused me because around the same time I myself had become bizarrely fixated on the number nine: the ninth story in my anthology, **Dante's** ninth circle, the ninth life trope in games the number kept repeating everywhere. Morrison constantly plays with these synchronicities, whether deliberately or unconsciously. One complexity of the narrative is that time itself becomes fragmented by randomness. The chronology feels broken until later revelations partially explain why. It reminded me strongly of how The Illuminatus! Trilogy collapses into apparent chaos before finally revealing its structure near the ending.

At this point, Aztec mythology begins consuming the narrative more aggressively. Dane is finally renamed Jack Frost and officially joins the Invisibles. Their first major mission involves traveling into the past to retrieve Marquis de Sade. Morrison essentially merges ceremonial magick with superhero fiction. The group literally sits together, meditates, and projects themselves through time and space like chaos-magick Avengers. They are basically performing what modern occultists would call astral projection or bilocation. The only difference is that Morrison fully commits to the idea that these practices actually work. As bizarre as it sounds, the comic's weird spiritual logic somehow becomes increasingly coherent the more insane it gets.

Orlando emerges as one of the first genuinely memorable antagonists: part trickster, part Loki archetype, part diseased sun god. Even the giant windmill machine doubling as a time-travel mechanism reminded me of *Twin Peaks* and the strange machinery surrounding Philip Jeffries. Every time Orlando appears, the narrative suddenly becomes slippery and unstable. We also encounter the Ciphermen, who honestly terrified me more than most comic book villains. The sequence involving them torturing the rat while De Sade watches in confusion was grotesque and genuinely effective. Around Issue Seven, the art style suddenly becomes sophisticated again, although by then the dialogue density reaches almost unreadable

Mainstream readers probably felt like they had accidentally wandered into a three-hour David Lynch hallucination. I genuinely loved Jack Frost's first confrontation with Orlando. Orlando completely dismantles him psychologically and physically, and during all this we are introduced more deeply to Lord Fanny, who rapidly became one of my favorite characters in the comic. Meanwhile, Ragged Robin — who continued fascinating me through sheer intuitive and aesthetic pull — astrally projects herself into *Lorenz Chateau* and literally converses with Satan while King Mob, Boy, and De Sade recover after defeating the Ciphermen.

Oddly enough, the plot actually becomes more digestible around this section. I was never a huge fan of The *120 Days of Sodom* itself, but Morrison's reinterpretation of its ending fascinated me conceptually. Robin later encounters **John the Baptist** and manipulates the Ciphermen in one of my favorite scenes involving her. Simultaneously, Lord Fanny defeats Orlando by channeling Ometeotl, the Aztec dual deity, reinforcing her connection to Mesoamerican witchcraft and mythology. Robin's scenes also introduce glossolalia the "language of tongues" and this is where the comic starts touching ideas I personally obsess over. Even if I sound insane saying this, I genuinely think all human beings experience glossolalia in some form. Language itself is already an abstraction layered over perception. Just like my own wavelength theory: what we call reality is merely reality filtered through limited sensory organs. A rose appears red only because my nervous system interprets wavelengths that way. For another species, it could appear as entirely different information. Likewise, every language becomes a partial hallucination attempting to imprison something fundamentally indescribable. Glossolalia in the comic symbolizes that collapse between meaning and perception. It resembles mathematical imaginary numbers or mystical abstraction — impossible to fully translate because each consciousness perceives it differently. Vishnu can become Christ depending on the symbolic structure through which you approach him. Morrison understands that symbols mutate according to belief systems.

Around the eighth issue, Lord Fanny finally defeats Orlando while possessed by the Aztec god, and Jack screams after losing part of his fingers. Then Issue Nine begins repeatedly flashing the number twenty-three everywhere — the classic 23 Enigma popularized by Robert Anton Wilson. Morrison absolutely could not resist including it. Jack betrays the Invisibles and runs away, giving us one of the story's first genuinely classical narrative turns beneath all the psychedelic chaos. From there, the comic becomes increasingly fragmented and darker. New plotlines dominate the narrative after Issue Ten: zombies, sexual violence, murder, collapsing realities. Considering how obsessed the comic already is with sex, brutality, and psychic contamination, I honestly wasn't surprised anymore. But through this mess Morrison introduces Jim Crow, who immediately became one of

most fascinating characters in the volume. He resembles a surreal parody of Shani — a Black mystic associated with crows, Saturnian symbolism, punishment, and hidden wisdom. Jim was originally supposed to replace Jack Frost within the Invisibles, and unlike many characters, he possesses visibly supernatural abilities. One particularly fascinating power involves a reflective black fluid functioning like a magical mirror, allowing him to perform cyber-gnosis through television screens. What unsettled me most was that before reading The Invisibles, I had already experienced dreams involving myself transforming into an alien entity made from liquid nectar water, milk, semen, and luminous fluid all merging together. Around that period I was already trapped in my own Chapel Perilous phase, constantly encountering synchronicities and projection patterns everywhere. Naturally, instead of becoming enlightened, I ended up talking to Reddit chaos magicians, schizotypal occultists, and internet witches who either misunderstood me completely or decided I was the reincarnation of Anton LaVey. So reading Jim Crow afterward felt deeply uncanny. Whether I am an alien or not is irrelevant

what fascinated me was that Morrison independently arrived at imagery disturbingly close to the symbolic structures appearing in my dreams. Jim Crow's Saturnian symbolism also loops back into the earlier obsessions surrounding the number nine, infernal cosmology, and the North Node. Morrison constantly creates these recursive symbolic loops where mythology, conspiracy, psychology, and pop culture all contaminate each other. The comic even explores voodoo traditions through Jim Crow, which immediately reminded me of Nkrumah Fubar from The Illuminatus! Trilogy — another Black mystic whose dreams are disrupted by global conspiracies. Both characters channel rage against invisible systems through ritual magic, revenge, and altered consciousness.

And honestly, Jim Crow might be the only character in the comic who consistently damages the Archons more effectively than anyone else. By this point Morrison fully embraces grotesque imagery: UFOs with breast-like appendages nourishing Jim Crow,

murdered souls floating away like golden sparks, endless scenes of bodily corruption and psychic violence. Completely absurd, yet somehow emotionally sincere underneath all the insanity. The "Waited" storyline finally became one of the first moments where I felt genuinely emotionally invested instead of merely intellectually fascinated. Up until then I admired the comic more than I emotionally connected with it. But the tragedy surrounding Jim Crow actually hit me. Morrison suddenly pauses the chaos long enough to let grief exist inside the narrative.

Meanwhile, King Mob and Boy return after Lord Fanny's encounter with Orlando, trying once again to recover Jack Frost. Jim Crow's role increasingly feels like a transitional bridge before the narrative shifts toward Bobby Murray. Ragged Robin unfortunately receives less page time during this section, but Bobby's trauma is written with genuine tenderness. Morrison proves repeatedly that beneath all the chaos, conspiracy theory, and psychedelic nonsense, he can still write emotionally resonant human suffering when he wants to. And honestly, I'm glad that section at least ended on a hopeful note.

Near the thirteenth issue, the story shifts more toward the personal histories and traumas of the individual characters. We no longer see much of whatever the fuck the Archons are actually doing beyond hunting the Invisibles and Jack Frost. At the same time, the Invisibles themselves are still desperately searching for Jack. And this is where we begin learning far more about Lord Fanny, who gradually becomes one of the dominant figures of the narrative, something that becomes even clearer in the second volume.

We are introduced to an extremely compelling character named Brody, an agent working for Sir Miles, someone as charismatic as Matt Murdock and as terrifying as Bullseye. The way he manipulates Fanny and exploits her sexual vulnerability to reach King Mob becomes one of the more fascinating subplots, because throughout it the characters remain constantly distracted, seduced, and psychologically dismantled by the Archons. Inside those hallucinations and manipulations, human trauma, madness, and buried memory all collide together, and we are finally shown the origin story of Lord Fanny.

One of the earliest openly trans characters many teenagers of the 1990s probably encountered in comics, Fanny's backstory is undeniably uncomfortable. I even read a Goodreads review where someone admitted feeling genuine physical discomfort while reading those sections because Fanny was only five or six years old during parts of it. Yet despite how disturbing the material becomes, Morrison still handles her identity, suffering, and spiritual relationship to the Aztec

gods with surprising maturity. During these sequences, Fanny also vomits that strange magical mirror-fluid substance — the exact same fluid that appeared in my own dream and that Jim Crow later uses himself. Her backstory becomes saturated with occult ritual, pain, humiliation, emotional repression, castration, and forced submission to social structures.

The dynamics between the Invisibles almost start resembling elemental archetypes. The air-like King Mob remains anxious and mentally fractured, while the water-like Fanny becomes consumed by desire, seduction, and torment as Brody manipulates her to reach King Mob. Meanwhile, the earth-like Boy and the fire-like Ragged Robin continue chasing tarot signs and fragmented clues, trying to discover where Jack Frost is hiding and why they suddenly feel so terrified.

Issue Thirteen contains an absurd amount of material considering it is only a single chapter, because almost simultaneously we are also introduced to Division X, an organization that later becomes extremely important during the climax.

Tlazolteotl guides Fanny through an initiation, teaching her not to become a servant of the gods but to become a woman and understand who she truly is, even if that means surviving prostitution and exploitation during her teenage years. Eventually King Mob rescues Fanny, leading to a fantastic confrontation between Mob, Fanny, and Brody

Yet even after Brody dies with a black cat whispering beside him, he still succeeds in his mission and delivers both King Mob and Lord Fanny directly into Sir Miles' hands. Simultaneously, in the past timeline we encounter Tezcatlipoca, while Robin begins invoking the Death card, butterflies, metamorphosis, and transformation imagery. Oddly enough, the artwork suddenly becomes far more polished as the story gradually moves toward the ending of the first volume.

Finally, around Issue Sixteen, we discover where the fuck Dane has been all this time. He is still trapped in depersonalization after experiencing psychic collapse with Tom, Barbelith, and those cosmic revelations. We witness even more alien abduction imagery, especially the moment when an alien places a stone into Dane's ajna or crown chakra — allowing him to realize he is simultaneously nothing and everything. Though honestly, I wanted to ask Morrison why he didn't tell the artists to make the aliens look more interesting, because some designs felt ridiculously corny. Eventually Dane is cornered by the Archons and blackmailed into joining the government and their false demi-gods so he can supposedly obtain every fantasy imaginable: dream women, dream lives, dream pleasures including Pamela Anderson fantasies

Morrison casually throws in. Naturally, Dane refuses, betrays them, and escapes again, continuing his endless journey. Yet underneath everything, it becomes obvious that his entire mind is still orbiting around Tom, whom he constantly searches for.

It is during these scenes that Dane finally begins using the magickal abilities Tom awakened inside him. In one sequence, while escaping police officers, he manipulates light itself, bending space and turning an entire area into a strange ultraviolet negative-image field through what resembles psychic telepathy. And if you remember my earlier alien dream, it becomes even stranger because that dream also involved me holding night and day together in my arms before I had even read these scenes. So from that dream-perspective I somehow carried Jim Crow's cyber-gnosis, Fanny's mirror-fluid, Fanny's chaotic erotic instability, and Jack Frost's cosmic manipulation of reality simultaneously. And of course, Barbelith too or VALIS itself.

Dane eventually returns to Liverpool, and Issue Seventeen shifts from the solar and Khepri symbolism of the opening issue toward Pink Floyd and Gideon Stargrave imagery. King Mob, now captured by Sir Miles, is tortured in ways strongly resembling Winston's torment inside Nineteen Eighty-Four. Interestingly, Morrison later claimed that while writing these torture scenes — and since King Mob is essentially Morrison's self-insert in the same way Mister Frog functions for me he himself ended up hospitalized and psychologically collapsing in ways.

There is even a bizarre scene where Sir Miles drinks milk directly from Miss Dwyer's breasts in a way weirdly reminiscent of Homelander, which honestly made me laugh a little. Unlike Homelander, though, this act seems to push Miles deeper into madness, giving him enough psychic access to invade King Mob's consciousness and determine whether he truly is King Mob. While scanning through these scenes, you realize Sir Miles is not merely evil but profoundly repressed an authoritarian lunatic convinced he is humanity's savior. After drugging King Mob with Key-17, he interrogates him inside a Room 101-like setting, obsessing over freedom, control, and transcendence.

We also learn more about Mister Six, a detective-like figure connected to Division X, the organization I mentioned earlier. Division X basically feels like *Twin Peaks's Blue Rose* task force merged with The X-Files, except the agents themselves are even stranger, more occult, pulp-inspired, and partially tied to the Invisibles.

There is also another reference to Kali in a fairly controversial context, and I can imagine some Indian readers reacting very strongly to it, although personally I was more fascinated by how Morrison linked it to sex magick and yogini symbolism. Robin eventually brings the Saturnian Jim Crow to rescue King Mob and Fanny. King Mob increasingly appears as the character most deeply connected to Hindu and Buddhist

symbolism, considering his history in India and Tibetan Buddhism. Which honestly makes sense, since he is basically Morrison himself.

And funnily enough, this mirrors Hagbard Celine from The Illuminatus! Trilogy another chaotic mentor figure strongly associated with Tantra, India, and mystical conspiracies.

Near the ending, Lord Fanny proves herself to be, in my opinion, the second most powerful Invisible after Jack Frost. She creates voodoo dolls, invades Sir Miles' mind, weaponizes seduction, and ultimately rescues King Mob.

Still, even after being rescued, King Mob is dying, and all the protagonists reach their most vulnerable emotional states.

That vulnerability is part of why I preferred the ending of Volume One more than many of its looser middle sections.

YEAH. D'YOU EVER WONDER HOW YOU'LL DIE, JOHN?
WHEN I DIE I WANT TO BE BURIED IN A WHITE COFFIN.
I WOULDN'T MIND DYING YOUNG, LIKE JAMES DEAN.
WHO WANTS TO GET OLD AND SHITTY?
I WANNA DIE IN THE ARMS OF BRIGITTE BARDOT.

Eventually Boy finds Dane and reunites him with the Invisibles near King Mob's location, where Jim Crow finally defeats Miss Dwyer.

And then comes the confrontation with the King of All Tears, one of the major Archons themselves. Jack battles the entity while we finally begin understanding more about his true nature. In the end, Jack saves King Mob and then abandons the group anyway during the climax of Volume One.

I still haven't completely finished the second volume, although I already know it develops the sexual relationship between Robin and King Mob while deepening the narrative connections further. Even so, I already think the French Revolution hijack plotline was genuinely excellent, and overall I found the ending pretty satisfying because I had expected Jack Frost's importance from the beginning. Morrison foreshadowed many ideas surprisingly well.

At the same time, though, I still believe several of the connections are overly pretentious and unnecessarily convoluted. If I had written it myself, I probably would have imposed more structure onto the chaos. Perhaps that is the difference: Morrison embraces disorder completely, while I instinctively try shaping disorder into pattern.

Still, regardless of its flaws, The Invisibles remains an incredible work to experience.

FEELS LIKE FRENCH ALL DREAMY AND TRIPPY

BLACK & WHITE SWAN

Contact Us If you want to be a part of my small project! You can donate a few penny if you are capable and want too, else your mere attention of completing this issue is enough for me. Do provide Mr Frog (or Para) your critique and suggestions regarding our Zine , every artist and schizotypical detectives are invited in my small shrine! (Honestly everyone, even the junkies and homeless) Have a Fantastic day wherever you are, we will meet again in issue 4! ALL HAIL MONROE!